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THE SECRET OF LONESOME COVE

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER I.

The Body on the Beach.

Lonesome Cove is one of the least frequented stretches on the New England seaboard. From the land side the sheer hundred-foot drop of Hawkills Cliffs shuts it off. Access by water is denied; denied with a show of menacing teeth, when the sea curls its lips back, amid a swirl of angry currents, from its rocks and reefs, warning boats away. There is no settlement near the cove. The sombre repute suggested by its name has served to keep cottagers from building on the wildly beautiful uplands that overbrood the beach. Sheep browse between the thickets of ash and wild cherry, extending almost to the brink of the height, and the straggling pathways along the edge, worn by the feet of their herders, afford the only suggestion of human traffic within half a mile of the spot. A sharp-cut ravine leads down to the sea by a rather treacherous descent.

Near the mouth of this opening, a considerable gathering of folk speckled the usually deserted beach, at noon of July sixth. They centered on a dark object, a few yards within the floodtide limit. Some scouted about, peering at the sand. Others pointed first to the sea, then to the cliffs with the open gestures of those who argue vehemently. But always their eyes returned, drawn back by an unfailing magnetism, to the central object.

From some distance away a lone man of a markedly different type from the others observed them with an expression of displeasure. He had reached the cove by an arduous scramble, possible only to a good climber, around the jutting elbow of the cliff to the northward. It was easily to be read in his face that he was both surprised and annoyed to find people there before him. One of the group presently detached himself and ambled over to the newcomer, with an accelerated speed as he drew nearer.

"Swanny!" he ejaculated, "if it ain't Perfessor Kent! Didn't know you at first under them whiskers. You remember me, don't you? I used to drive you around when you was here before."

"How are you, Jarvis?" returned the other. "Still in the livery business, I suppose?"

"Yes. What brings you here, Perfessor?"

"Holidays. I've just come out of the woods. And as you have some very interesting sea currents just here, I thought I'd have a look at them. Nobody really knows anything about coast current, you know. Now my opportunity is spoiled." He indicated the crowd by a movement of his head.

"Spoilt? I guess not. You couldn't have come at a better time," said the local man eagerly.

"Ah, but you see, I had planned to swim out into the eddy, and make some personal observations."

"You was going to swim into Dead Man's Eddy?" asked the other, aghast. "Why, Perfessor, you must have turned foolish. They ain't a man on this coast would take a chance like that."

"Superstition," retorted the other curtly. "On a still day such as this there would be no danger to an experienced swimmer. The conditions are ideal except for this crowd. What is it? Has the village gone picnicking?"

"Not sca'cely! Ain't you heard? Another one's come in through the eddy. Lies over yonder."

Professor Kent's eyebrows went up, as he glanced toward the indicated spot; then gathered in a frown.

"Not washed up there, surely?" he said.

"Thet's what," answered Jarvis.

"When?"

"Some time early this morning."

"Pshaw!" said the other, turning to look at the curving bulwark of rocks, over which the soft, slow swell was barely breaking. "If it were the other end of the cove, now, I could understand it."

"Yes," agreed Jarvis, "they mostly come in at the other end, on this tide."

"Mostly? Always." The professor's tone was positive. "Unless my charts are wrong. But this—well, it spoils at least one phase of my theory."

"Theery!" exclaimed the liveryman, his pale eyes alight. "You got a theery? But I thought you didn't know anything about the body, till I told you, just now."

"Oh, my ruined theory has reference to the currents," sighed the other. "It has nothing to do with dead men, as such."

"Neither has this," was the prompt response, delivered with a jerk of the thumb toward the dark object.

"No? What is it, then, if not a dead man?"

"A dead woman."

"Oh! All the same, it shouldn't have come in on this section of the beach at all."

"Thet ain't half the strangeness of it, the way it washed in. Lonesome Cove has had some queer folks drift home to it, but nothing as queer as this. Come and see for yourself."

Still frowning, Professor Kent suffered himself to be led to the spot. Two or there of the group, as it parted before him, greeted him. He found himself looking down on a corpse clad in a dark silk dress and stretched on a wooden grating, to which it was lashed with a small rope. Everything about the body indicated wealth. The dress was expensively made. The shoes were of the best type and the stockings were silk. The head was marred by a frightful bruise which had crushed in the right side and extended around behind the ear. Blood had clotted thickly in the short, close-curled hair. The left side was unmarked. The eyes were closed and the mouth was slightly open, showing a glint of gold amid very white and regular teeth. An expression of deadly terror distorted the face. Professor Kent bent closely over it.

"That's strange, very strange," he murmured. "It should be peaceful."

"But look at the hand!" cried Jarvis.

Here, indeed, was the astounding feature of the tragedy; the aspect had brought Kent to his knees, the more closely to observe. The body lay twisted slightly to the right, with the left arm extended. The left wrist was enclosed in a light rusted handcuff, to which a chain was fastened. At the end of the chain was the companion cuff, shattered evidently by a powerful blow, and half buried in the sand. As Kent leaned over the corpse, a fat, powerful, grizzled man with a metal badge on his shirt-front pushed forward.

"Them's cast-iron cuffs," he announced. "That kind ain't been used these forty years."

"What kind of ship 'ud be carryin' 'em nowadays?" asked someone in the crowd.

"And what kind of a seaman'd be putting of 'em on a lady's wrists?" growled a formidable voice, which Kent, looking up, perceived to have come from amid a growth of heavy white whiskers sprouting from a weather-furrowed face.

"Seafaring man, aren't you?" inquired Kent.

"No more. Fifty year of it, man an' boy, has put me in harbor."

"That's Sailor Smith," explained Jarvis, who had assumed the duties of a self-appointed cicerone. "Not much about the sea and its ways, good or bad that he don't know."

"True for you," confirmed several voices.

"Then, Mr. Smith, will you take a look at those lashings and tell me wheher in your opinion, they are the work of a sailor?" asked Kent.

The old hands fumbled expertly. The old face puckered. Judgment came forth presently.

"The knots is well enough. The lashin's a passable job. What gits me is the rope."

"Well, what's wrong with the rope?"

"Nothin' in pertic'ler. Only I don't know what just that style of rope would be doin' on shipboard, unless it was to hang the old man's wash on."

"Suppose we lift this grating" Kent suggested.

At this time the man with the badge interposed. "Say, who's runnin' this thing, anyhow? I'm sheriff here, an' this body ain't to be moved till a doctor has viewed it."

"Of course," said Kent mildly; "but I thuoght you might be interested to see, Mr. Sheriff, whether a ship's name was stamped anywhere on this grating."

"Well, I don't want any amachure learning me my business," declared the official importantly.

Nevertheless, he heaved the woodwork up on edge and held it so, while eager eyes scanned the under part. Murmurs of disappointment followed. In these Kent did not join.. He had inserted a finger in the crevice of the splintered wood and had extracted

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Applied Idealism

IN the spring of 1889 I was appointed by President Harrison Civil Service Commissioner. For nearly five years I had not been very active in political life; although I had done some routine work in the organization and had made campaign speeches, and in 1886 had run for Mayor of New York against Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat, and Henry George, Independent, and had been defeated.

I served six years as Civil Service Commissioner—four years under President Harrison and then two years under President Cleveland. I was treated by both presidents with the utmost consideration. Among my fellow-commissioners there was at one time ex-Governor Hugh Thompson, of South Carolina, and at another time John R. Proctor, of Kentucky. They were Democrats and ex-Confederate soldiers. I became deeply attached to both, and we stood shoulder to shoulder in every contest in which the commission was forced to take part.

When Amateur Meets Professional.

During my six years' service as Commissioner the field of the merit system was extended at the expense of the spoils system so as to include several times the number of offices that had originally been included. Generally this was done by the introduction of competitive entrance examinations; sometimes, as in the navy-yards, by a system of registration. This of itself was good work.

Even better work was making the law efficient and genuine where it applied. As was inevitable in the introduction of such a system, there was at first only partial success in its application. For instance, it applied to the ordinary employes in the big custom-houses and post offices, but not to the heads of these offices. A number of the heads of the offices were slippery politicians of a low moral grade, themselves appointed under the spoils system, and anxious, directly or indirectly, to break down the merit system and to pay their own political debts by appointing their henchmen and supporters to the positions under them. Occasionally these men acted with open and naked brutality. Ordinarily they sought by cunning to evade the law. The Civil Service Reformers, on the other hand, were in most cases not much used to practical politics, and were often well-nigh helpless when pitted against veteran professional politicians. In consequence I found at the beginning of my experiences that there were many offices in which the execution of the law was a sham. This was very damaging, because it encouraged the politicians to assault the law everywhere, and, on the other hand, made good people feel that the law was not worth while defending.

The Fight for Enforcement of the Law

The first effort of myself and my colleagues was to secure the genuine enforcement of the law. In this we succeeded after a number of lively fights. But of course in these fights we were obliged to strike a large number of influential politicians, some of them in congress, some of them the supporters and backers of men who were in congress. Accordingly we soon found ourselves engaged in a series of contests with prominent senators and congressmen. There were a number of senators and congressmen—men like Congressman (afterwards senator) H. C. Lodge, of Massachusetts; Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota; Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut; Senator Cockrell, of Missouri; Congressman (afterwards President) McKinley, of Ohio, and Congressman Dargan, of South Carolina—who abhorred the business of the spoilsman, who championed the reform [illegible] turn, and without whom the whole reform would certainly have failed. But there were plenty of other senators and congressmen who hated the whole reform and everything concerned with it and everybody who championed it; and sometimes, to use a legal phrase, their hatred was for cause, and sometimes it was peremptory—that is, sometimes the commission interfered with their most efficient, and incidentally most corrupt and unscrupulous, supporters, and at other times, where there was no such interference, a man nevertheless had an innate dislike of anything that tended to decency in government. These men were always waging war against us, and they usually had the more or less open support of a certain number of government officials, from cabinet officers down. The senators and congressmen in question opposed us in many different ways. Sometimes, for instance, they had committees appointed to investigate us—during my public career without and within office I grew accustomed to accept appearances before investigating committees as part of the natural order of things. Sometimes they tried to cut off the appropriation for the commission.

The Opposition.

Occasionally we would bring to terms these senators or congressmen who fought the commission by the simple expedient of not holding examinations in their districts. This always brought frantic appeals from their constituents, and we would explain that unfortunately the appropriations had been cut, so that we could not hold examinations in every district, and that obviously we could not neglect the districts of those congressmen who believed in the reform and therefore in the examinations. The constituents then turned their attention to the congressman, and the result was that in the long run we obtained sufficient money to enable us to do our work. On the whole, the most prominent leaders favored us. Any man who is the head of a big department, if he has any fitness at all, wishes to see that department run well; and a very little practical experience shows him that it cannot be run well if he must make his appointments to please spoilsmongering politicians. As with almost every reform that I have ever undertaken, most of the opposition took the guise of shrewd slander. Our opponents relied chiefly on downright misrepresentation of what it was that we were trying to accomplish, and of our methods, acts, and personalities. I had more than one lively encounter with the authors and sponsors of these misrepresentations, which at the time were full of interest to me. But it would be a dreary thing now to go over the record of exploded mendacity, or to expose the meanness and malice shown by some men of high official position. A favorite argument was to call the reform Chinese, because the Chinese had constructed an inefficient governmental system based in part on the theory of written competitive examinations. The argument was simple. There had been written examinations in China; it was proposed to establish written examinations in the United States; therefore the proposed system was Chinese. The argument might have been applied still further. For instance, the Chinese had used gunpowder for centuries; gunpowder is used in Springfield rifles; therefore Springfield rifles were Chinese. One argument is quite as logical as the other. It was impossible to answer every falsehood about the system. But it was possible to answer certain falsehoods, especially when uttered by some senator or congressman of note. Usually these false statements took the form of assertions that we had asked preposterous questions of applicants. At times they also included the assertion that we credited people to districts where they did not live; this simply meaning that these persons were not known to the active ward politicians of those districts.

Congressman Grosvenor's "Jests".

One opponent with whom we had a rather lively tilt was a Republican congressman from Ohio, Mr. Grosvenor, one of the floor leaders. Mr. Grosvenor made his attack in the house, and enumerated our sins in picturesque rather than accurate fashion. There was a congressional committee investigating us at the time, and on my next appearance before them I asked that Mr. Grosvenor be requested to meet me before the committee. Mr. Grosvenor did not take up the challenge for several weeks, until it was announced that I was leaving for my ranch in Dakota; whereupon, deeming it safe, he wrote me a letter expressing his ardent wish that I should appear before the committee to meet him. I promptly canceled my ticket, waited, and met him. He proved to be a person of happily treacherous memory, so that the simple expedient of arranging his statements in pairs was sufficient to reduce him to confusion. For instance, he had been trapped into making the unwary remark, "I do not want to repeal the civil service law, and I never said so." I produced the following extract from one of his speeches: "I will vote not only to strike out this provision, but I will vote to repeal the while law." To this he merely replied that there was "no inconsistency between those two statements." He asserted that "Rufus P. Putnam, fraudulently credited to Washington county, Ohio, never lived in Washington county, Ohio, or in my congressional district, or in Ohio as far as I know." We produced a letter which, thanks to a beneficient Providence, he had himself written about Mr. Rufus P. Putnam in which he said: "Mr. Rufus P. Putnam is a legal resident of my district and has relatives living there now." He explained, first, that he had not written the letter; second, that he had forgotten he had written the letter; and, third, tha he was grossly deceived when he wrote it. He said: "I have not been informed of one applicant who has found a place in the classified service from my district." We confronted him with the names of eight. He looked them over and said, "Yes, the eight men are living in my district as now constituted," but added that his district had been gerrymandered so that he could no longer tell who did and who didn't live in it. When I started further to question him, he accused me of a lack of humor in not appreciating that his statements were made "in a jesting way," and then announced that "a congressman making a speech on the floor of the house of representatives was perhaps in a little different position from a witness on the witness stand"—a frank admission that he did not consider exactitude of statement necessary when he was speaking as a congressman. Finally he rose with great dignity and said that it was his "constitutional right" not to be questioned elsewhere as to what he said on the floor of the house of representatives; and accordingly he left the delighted committee to pursue its investigations without further aid from him.

Senator Gorman's "Bright Young Man."

A more important opponent was the then Democratic leader of the senate, Mr. Gorman. In a speech attacking the commission Mr. Gorman described with moving pathos how a friend of his, "a bright young man from Baltimore," a Sunday school scholar, well recommended by his pastor, wished to be a letter carrier; and how he went before us to be examined. The first question we asked him, said Mr. Gorman, was the shortest route from Baltimore to China, to which the "bright young man" responded that he didn't want to go to China, and had never studied up that route. Thereupon, said Mr. Gorman, we asked him all about the steamship lines from the United States to Europe, then branched him off into geology, tried him in chemistry, and finally turned him down.

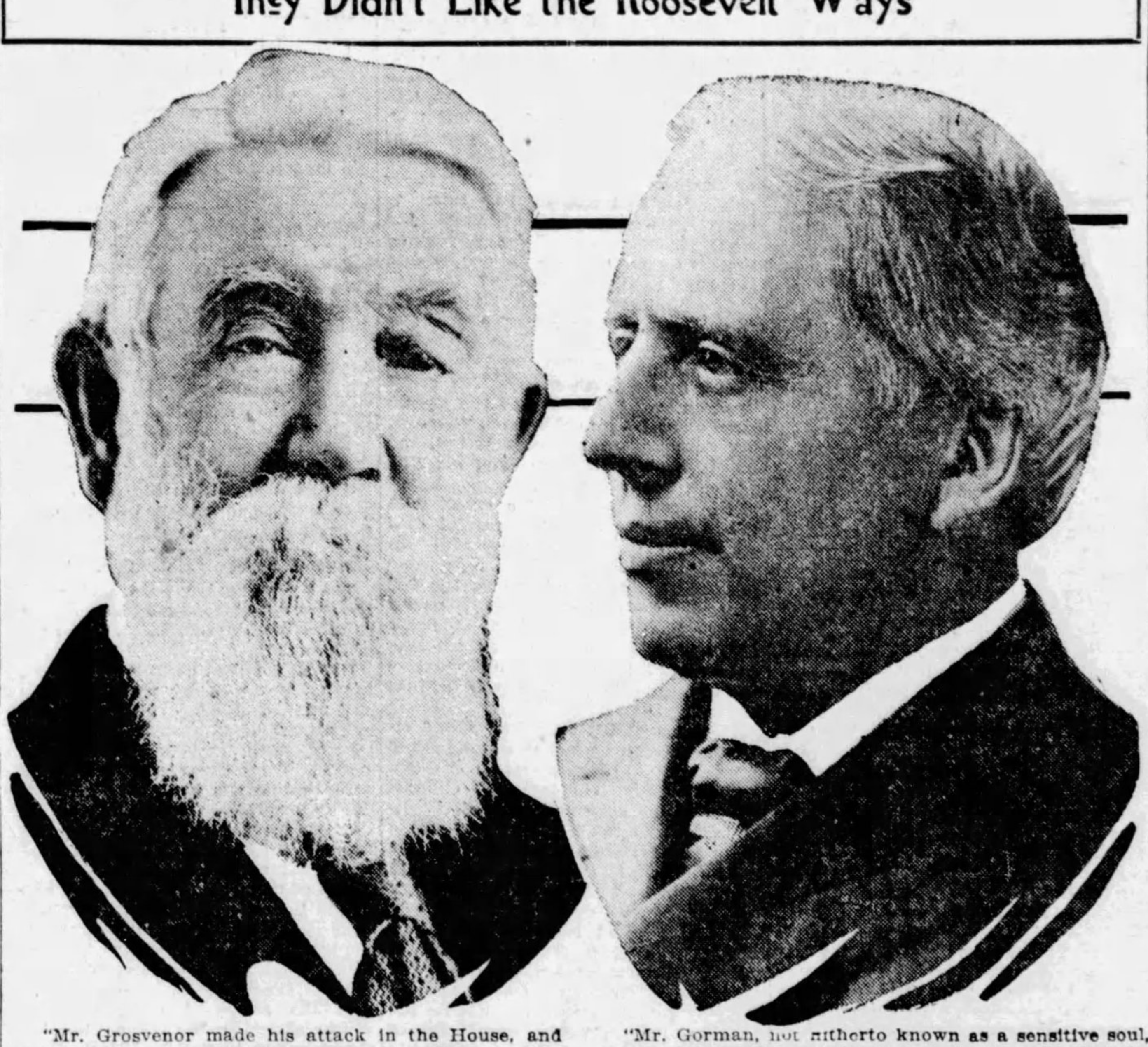
Apparently Mr. Gorman did not know that we kept full records of our examinations. I at once wrote to him stating that I had carefully looked through all our examination papers and had not been able to find one question even remotely resembling any of these questions which he alleged had been asked, and that I would be greatly obliged if he would give me the name of the "bright young man" who had deceived him.

However, that "bright young man" remained permanently without a name. I also asked Mr.. Gorman, if he did not wish to give us the name of his informant, to give us the date of the examination in which he was supposed to have taken part; and I offerde, if he would send down a representative to look through our files, to give him all the aid we could in his effort to discover any such questions. But Mr. Gorman, not hitherto known as a sensitive soul, expressed himself as so shocked at the thought that the veracity of the "bright young man" should be doubted that he could not bring himself to answer my letter. So I made a public statement to the effect that no such questions had ever been asked. Mr. Gorman brooded over this; and during the next session of congress he rose and complained that he had received a very "impudent" letter from me (my letter was a respectful note calling attention to the fact that if he wished he could by personal examination satisfy himself that his statements had no foundation in fact). He further stated that he had been "cruelly" called to account by me because he had been endeavoring to right "a great wrong" that the civil service commission had committed; but he never, then or afterwards, furnished any clue to the identity of that child of his fondest fancy, the bright young man without a name.

999 Kinds of Falsehoods.

The incident is of note chiefly as shedding light on the mental make-up of the man who at the time was one of the two or three most influential leaders of the Democratic party. Mr. Gorman had been Mr. Cleveland's party manager in the presidential campaign, and was the Democratic leader in congress. It seemed extraordinary that he should be so reckless as to make statements with no foundation in fact, which he might have known that he would not permit to pass unchallenged. Then, as now, the ordinary newspaper, in New York and elsewhere, was quite as reckless in its misstatements of fact about public men and measures; but for a man in Mr. Gorman's position of responsible leadership, such action seemed hardly worth while. However, it is at least to be said for Mr. Gorman that he was not trying by falsehood to take away any man's character. It would be well for writers and speakers to bear in mind the remark of Puddin'head Wilson to the effect that while there are nine hundred and ninety-nine kinds of falsehood, the only kind specifically condemned in scripture, just as murder, theft and adultery are condemned, is bearing false witness against one's neighbor.

They Didn't Like the Roosevelt Ways



"Mr. Grosvenor made his attack in the House, and enumerated our sins in picturesque rather than accurate fashion. He proved to be a person of happily treacherous memory."

"Mr. Gorman, not hitherto known as a sensitive soul, expressed himself as so shocked at the thought that the veracity of the 'bright young man' should be doubted that he could not bring himself to answer my letter."

Chicken Dinner Has Historic Significance

Two little things—a stone in an English highway and a chicken dinner—England says, resulted in the success of the American revolution and in ultimate defeat of the British in the war of 1812. The stone in the highway, struck by a wheel of the carriage of George Washington's gather, sent the family to America, then an English possession. George Washington was born in America afterwards, and later was in supreme command of the continental troops which forced Lord Cornwallis to surrender.

The chicken dinner in August of 1813 was responsible for the lifting of the blockade of Erie, Pa., then Presque Isle, when the American flotilla partially sailed, partially crawled over a sandbar to the deeper water of Lake Erie. Captain R. H. Barclay, who had been with Nelson at Trafalgar, was the man who let the American vessels escape after he had kept them in the sand-locked harbor for several weeks. History says a Canadian invited Barclay to eat chicken and that Barclay couldn't resist the temptation. It must have been "some dinner," as they say nowadays, for Barclay and his ships left on August 2 and the American flotilla did not get out of the harbor until the morning of August 5. Even then Barclay and his vessels were not in sight.

Felled the Trees.

By many navy critics what occurred in the Erie harbor as the British guns continually threatened the American fleet there being strengthened, is considered an even more important achievement than the actual battle of Lake Erie. Carpenters from New York and Philadelphia were sent overland to Erie to construct the vessels which were to clear the lake of the English ships. They felled the trees in the forest along the shore and from them built the brigs Lawrence and Niagara, each of 480 tons, and the schooners Ariel, Scorpion and Porcupine. These, added to the Caledonia, which had been captured, and the schooners Somers, Tigress and Ohio and the sloop Trippe, which had been purchased, gave the American commander, then a young captain, 10 vessels carrying 55 guns.

As soon as Perry reached the open lake he made all speed to Sandusky, where he met Gen. William Henry Harrison, who gave him a detail of soldiers to act as marines and supply vacancies in his crew. Then the Ohio was sent out to scout for the British. While that vessel was away, from the look-out of the Lawrence Perry sighted the English flotilla bearing down upon him in a southeasterly direction. That was during the forenoon of September 10. Perry gave the command to sail for the head of the line, and away the little fighters went.

Battle Near Put-in Bay.

The battle itself, according to historians most explicit on that point, probably was fought five or six, possibly nine miles northwest of Put-in Bay. Perry's squadron on the morning of Sept. 10 was lying along the north shore of Gibraltar island when the British vessels were sighted. The latter, which had been tied up at Amhertsburg, then known as Malden, on the Detroit river, where the Detroit had been built, were sailing from the northwest. Some say the shortness of the English commander's supplies was the reason why Barclay ventured out upon the lake. Others think he was anxious to meet the Americans.

Rossister Johnson in "The War of 1812" describes the maneuvers of Perry's fleet from the time the British were sighted until the action began. He says:

"The wind was from the southwest, which made it impossible for the Americans to get the weather-gauge unless by circumnavigating some of the islands. As there was apparently no time for this, Perry determined to accept the chances of battle without that advantage, and accordingly passed to the leeward of the islands. But fortune favored him unexpectedly, for the wind soon shifted to the southeast, giving him the weather-gauge, which for vessels armed as his were was very important.

British Await Enemy.

"At 10 o'clock the British squadron, having failed in maneuvers for the weather-gauge, hove to in line of battle with their bows to the west and south and awaited the approach of their enemy."

The battle began at about noon. Nine American vessels attacked the six English men-of-war. For two hours the battle raged at long range. The fire of the British was directed at the Lawrence, Perry's flagship. When, with 22 killed and 61 wounded out of the 100 or more men on board and her guns dismounted by the well-directed shots from the enemy, Perry saw defeat staring him in the face, the American commander hauled down his historic flag, "Don't Give Up the Ship."

Was it in token of defeat? The British thought so, and cheered. But Perry, taking his brother Alexander and four or five sailors, entered an open boat and made for the Niagara, which, for some reason never satisfactorily explained, had remained out of range. Leaden ball from every gun in the British fleet churned the water into foam as shot after shot went wild, while a few hit the little boat. Finally the Niagara was reached. Perry boarded her and 'took command.

Raising his flag he again led the attack, this time directed against the two largest vessels of the English force, the Detroit and the Queen Charlotte. Two of the enemy collided. Perry with his fresh vessel cleaved the line of the British, three ships on either side. The two vessels which had collided were swept from stem to stern with grape and canister at half pistol shot.

The carnage was awful.

Eight minutes after the first shot of the second attack was fired the Detroit or the Queen Charlotte (authorities differ) showed the white flag. Three other Britishers followed. Two attempted escape, but were captured.

Then the hero boarded the Lawrence again to receive the surrender. He, like General Grant at Appomattox, refused to accept the side arms of the vanquished. Standing on the deck he scribbled on the back of an old envelope his historic message to General Harrison:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop.

Costly Victory.

It was a costly victory for the American commander. His total loss was 27 killed, 96 wounded, three of whom died. Of the wounded 12 were quarter deck officers. The British loss was 41 killed, 94 wounded, 12 of whom were officers. Barclay, who entered the battle with one arm, lost the other during the fight.

The victory of Perry, ridding the lake of the last English vessel, paved the way for the invasion of Canada by General Harrison, after Gen. William Hull, territorial governor of Michigan, had surrendered Detroit and the entire territory of Michigan to General Brock without engaging in battle.

Takes Harrison's Troops.

Perry transferred Gen. Harrison's 3,500 troops across the lake into Canada. Colonel Proctor, in command of the British forces, had retreated, first dismantling the fort at Malden and burning the barracks. Perry's guns covered Harrison's troops in pursuit beyond Sandwich and Harrison then pressed on until near a Moravian town, 30 miles up the Thames river from Lake St. Clair, where, October 5, the allied English troops and the Indians were defeated. Tecumseh, the Indian chief, was killed in the battle, but Proctor escaped in a carriage.

The result was that Detroit and all Hull had lost was receovered and a fair portion of what was then Canada passed under American control.

Abe Martin

Nature seems t' have provided fer ever'thing 'cept somethin' t' harmonize with a barefooted father on a verandy.

THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

A Romance of the Sea

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

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CHAPTER XXI.

A Little Berber Sport.

"If I go on much more with this sort of game," Captain Kettle panted to himself, "my boilers will need retubing. I never knew how near a man could get to being burst by running uphill in these high altitudes."

He squatted behind a boulder at the head of the valley, and peered over it down the bare burnt slopes. The Berbers had carried out their frontal attack like the valient men they were, and had scattered at the head of the ridge, and were hunting for the men who had attacked them, and who had so mysteriously disappeared.

"If I had the handling of you swine," the watcher mused, "I could make you into good troops. You've pluck, and that's a fact, but I think your heads are stuffed with porridge instead of brains. Well, I hope you find plenty to amuse yourselves with there for the next few hours. I shouldn't wonder but what you walk into a wild bee's nest if you rootle among those rocks for sufficiently long. But as you're interested, I guess it will be best for me to be jogging."

The moon kindly slid away for the time being behind clouds, and so Captain Kettle was able to pursue his passage across the head of the valley erect and in the open. The journey was not a comfortable one. An icy wind roared down from the snow-clad peaks of the Atlas above, and whistled shrewdly through the pores of his loosely-woven jellab, and though the gloom of the night was kind enough to conceal his wherabouts from an active enemy, it also failed to show him the fissures and boulders that lay in his path; and as a consequence he stumbled severely and often.

But the sailor took these minor troubles philosophically enough, munched a biscuit by way of belated supper, or early breakfast, washed it down with a nip of Horner, and held steadily along his way. From his last halt he had mapped the contours of the hills carefully with his eye, and he now checked his course by occasional squints at a pocket compass, the card of which had been anointed with luminous paint. Automatically, too, he controlled his footsteps and estimated the distance traveled.

It was no labor to him to do this. He was one of those rare men to whom map-making comes by instinct. There are a handful of them in the navy, where they are for the most part wasted; and there are said to be three in the British army. The remaining half-dozen for the most part survey impossible places in the Himalayas where nobody wants to go, or correct portions of the bad official may of the British Isles, and send the results to publications which nobody reads.

The spurs of the Atlas, at this part—i. e., western end, southern flank—run more or less parallel to one another in a north and south direction. In their lower portions, before they get muddled up in the foot-hills that border on the Sahara Plain, they are distinct enough, the tops of the ridges being sharp and stony, and the valleys in between broad, and flat, and fertile. At the upper end they run into the general scheme of the range, which is chaotic, and of course, it must always be carried in mind that the whole thing is done on an enormous scale.

At the end of another four hours' rapid tramp, and the sailor had broken into a trot whenever the ground would permit the pace, he came to another divide, and looked over into what was obviously the valley Bergash had talked about. The moon had retired by this, but the clouds had gone, and the sky was lighted by the wonderful African stars, and earth below them stood out like a dark photograph. The valley was not lovely; agricultural land is seldom that; but it caught the eye with an irresistible fascination. Here was the only example remaining today of the old Roman type of cultivation in Africa.

Irrigation was the keynote of the whole. A stream, coming from the unknown heights of the Atlas above, ran down the valley's center like a backbone. It was raised by an aqueduct a hundred feet at an average above the ground level. At constant intervals were masonry dams to catch the fertilizing flood water. Ribbed across the aqueduct, each perhaps half a mile below the one above it, were other duct running east and west from which the water was distributed in runlets over the fields as it was required.

Infinitely simple was the scheme; intolerable must have been the amount of labor required to pile up all those enormous masses of masonry. One can imagine the rage of mischievous Moroccan sultains when they tried to destroy it and failed; but there it stood (as it stands today) as perfect as when it was built in those old centuries by some soldier of fortune who had learned his art in the hard school of imperial Rome.

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U. S. Has Cats on Payroll

YES, the Cat now draws regular pay from the government. Some cats get an annual pay envelope of $18.25. And, even at the present high cost of mousing, that is a very respectable salary for any feline servitor of Uncle Sam. Nor do Kitty's political ideas affect her job when there's a new deal in administrations. Many, by the way, are soldier cats.

The government maintains and provides for numerous cats, says the Chicago Tribune. The army has its regular corps of them, kept at the commissary depots of the great cities, and each draws regular pay equal to $18.25 a year.

It is customary for the officer in charge of each depot to submit to the war department a request for an allowance for so many cats, and the regulations provide that meat shall be purchased for them at a price not greater than five cents a pound; to these rations a stated amount of canned milk is added for variety.

It has been proved by experiment that no matter how good the cats are as hunters, nor how abundant the mice, no cat thrives properly on a diet of unmitigated mouse; nor does it neglect its duties when other food is provided. Bids for the cats' meat are regularly posted, calling for 'fresh beef, suitable for feeding cats—bone to be excluded—to be delivered at the contractor's place of business on such days as may be designated and in such quantities as may be required."

More than 400 cats are in the employ of the postoffice department, distributed among about 50 of the largest offices. The New York office expends something like $60 annually for cats' meat.

Most of the other large governmental buildings are supplied with cats. At an immense cold storage depot established at Manila some time ago cats have been found to be necessary, and there were sent there some of the famous cold storage breed from Pittsburg. This breed originated in the great warehouses of a cold storage company and has developed special qualifications for enduring extreme cold. The cold storage cats are short tailed, chubby, with long and heavy fur, and their eyebrows and whiskers are extraordinarily long and strong. It is said that they do not thrive when transferred to an ordinary temperature.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

But archaeology was not a thing that trouble Captain Kettle at that (or any other) period of his career. He viewed the valley and its appurtenances with an inquiring eye, and was intent only on discovering a scheme that would profit his owners and relieve the present necessities of Miss Emily Dubbs.

The night was dark, and even the blaze of African starlight has its limit in illumination. To start with, Kettle saw no trace of the saint's fortress which he knew ought somewhere to overhang the valley. From where he stood, it lay, as a point of fact, against a black background, and was invisible even to any one who knew the country-side.

Even when he descended to the floor of the valley, and opened out the rock against the sky-line, he had walked a good two miles among the corn fields and the irrigating channels before he discovered that it was anything more than bare rock left stranded by nature when the great bulk of the Atlas above was upreared.

The two highest ambitions of that old Berber mercenary who had engineered it were that the place should be strong, and that it should not be conspicuous, and to this latter end he had dovetailed his buildings into the rock and built them of stones

Captain Kettle walked with head erect and ears cocked, and worked his way down valley along paths that wound between the high stalks of the corn. The valley was filled for the most part with stillness, but now and again the faint sounds of moving things met his ear, and as he walked farther down these increased. There were rustlings and there were rattlings as the tall stalks of the corn knocked against one another, and presently there was an unmistakable grunt.

"Ah," said the sailor, "a wild boar having its supper," and as he spoke the night was split with the bellow of a gun, and the valley roared with its echoes.

Grunting testified a hit, but from other parts of the crops a wild stampede bore witness that the pig was there in goodly number. But, so presently, it seemed, were the Berbers. Crash, bang, crash, went the black powder in the guns, and the pebbles, the leaden slugs, and the crude iron bullets with which they were loaded whistled and sang through the corn stalks.

A Berber at the coolest of times goes on the easy principle that no man is hit unless it is written that he should be hit, and so he is always a dangerous shooting companion. But when good lively pig are on the move in thick cover, then the Berber is a person particularly to be avoided. He shoots with enthusiasm at everything that moves or rustles, and so long as his gun does not burst, he is apt to go on shooting, once he is warmed up to it, as long as his ammunition holds out.

"By James," snapped Captain Kettle angrily, "if those careless scoundrels don't look out they'll be plastering me next. The trouble is where to move out of their way. They're shooting all round the compass."

He crossed out of the corn patch he was in toward another which seemed less disturbed. But as he stepped out into the path, a wild boar at the same instant seized the opportunity to dart across it. An unseen sportsman a little farther off was on the watch and pulled a prompt trigger. The fun blazed and roared. The assorted pellets whistled past the end of the pig's tail, and drilled holes in the skirts of Captain Kettle's jellab, and the sailor heard the plop of a cork as the sportsman opened his powder horn to pour out a fresh charge.

The Winchester itched in Captain Kettle's hands, and that Berber missed Paradise by a narrower margin than he guessed. But in a flash came the reflection, "He doesn't know I'm me. He thought it was one of his own pals he was blazing into, and if I kick against the custom of the country and waste time with a side scrape, I shall be neglecting the owners' work I'm paid for, and neglecting Miss Dubbs. I ought," he told himself with a sigh, "to be kicked for forgetting those things even for a moment."

Once again the stalks of the corn gave him harborage, and three times more those devil-possessed swine charged in his direction and were pursued by whistling showers of pot-leg. But the luck of the adventurous stood by him, and by no contrivance of his own, the little sailor came through the metallic showers unscathed.

At last the sportsmen either fired away all their powder, or decided that the pig had escaped, and in noisy chattering bands went away homeward down the valley. Captain Kettle followed disgustedly in their wake. "If that's sport in this country," he told himself, "I'd prefer good plain war. It's safer. Now I wonder if I can keep along at the heels of these ducks till they get close up home, and then slip in through the front door while they are swapping lies about the bag."

But as they went on down the valley, and the great black mass of the fortress rock loomed higher and bigger against the Milky Way, even Captain Kettle's brazen self-assurance began to be streaked with hesitation. This was not some cluster of tumble-down huts belonging to a handful of robbers, and perched on an easy crag that a bird's-nesting boy could scale. Dislike for Sidi Mahommed Bergash had made him believe that the man bragged when he told about his ancestral stronghold, and here when it came to the point, the fellow had told a good deal less than the truth.

It was a fortress indeed, and measuring thoughtfully with his eye. Kettle reckoned that it might well be packed with as many as eight or ten thousand people. The sailor was a man of brazen courage, but he was no madman; he had ordinary prudence; and he saw that to march into this great hive of enemies would end his usefulness. This must be a case for strategy, and for the present he must keep clear of the fortress walls, till he knew more about the lay of the land and its possibilities.

When they came up to the rock, the Berbers bore off to the right, working up a steep rise of the ground to where the causeway came out on the edge of the spur. Kettle left them when they turned, and went himself to the left, keeping close in to the edge of the little scree of fallen fragments that fringed the foot of the rock, and craning his neck backward so as to take in every foot of the face.

He did not in the least expect to find a row of crevices or ledges by which he could climb to the top; by this time he was very thoroughly impressed by the accuracy with which the saint and his predecessors in the saintship had kept up their defenses; but he had, as I have pointed out before, a very clever eye for the detail of a country-side, and so he examined it automatically and stored up mental notes of what he saw without effort.

In this manner, then, he made a complete circuit of the rock as far as the other side of the entrance causeway, and so far noted nothing of any interest, and having also found no hiding-place for himself, he turned back again to make a fresh examination, and this time increased his speed.

Time was getting of value; dawn impended; and if he was caught in the open when day dawned, even though hidden among the corn, he would be within easy range of any inquiring eye that looked down from the fortress above, and subsequently a simple target for the crudest marksman.

Nowhere could he have picked more unpromising ground for finding a hiding-place than the skirts of this great island of stone. The rock slabs which formed the sides either by nature or by chiseling were as smooth as the sides of a house. Nothing but a lizard could have climbed them, and they would not have offered cover for a fly. A clump of red valerian here and there, or a tuft of purple aubrieta broke the sameness of the wall at rare intervals; but these offered no foothold, and, indeed, only tended to accentuate the steepness and the height of the great rock faces.

An owl whizzed in from the valley, swung past Captain Kettle's head, and then swooped upward and disappeared.

"Got a nest there, that fowl," he thought. "Or a roostin-place. There's been a bit of a fall of rock here; the outside's shelled off. I wonder—"

He ran out briskly into the plain and stared hard at the face of the rock. The night was thinning. Already the east was gray. Day would stare at him within a matter of minutes, and if he was to find cover, it must be before day showed him to the curious. Yes, in the edge of that rockfall there was a dark patch that migt well be a hollow. There was a darker stain at the foot of it that merged into green below, and meant a trickle of wet.

It would be damp and uncomfortable in the hollow even if he could get into it, but he was in no position just then to pick and choose. He must take what offered, and if it turned out that the dark patch was merely shadow and not a hole at all, well, there was not getting over the fact that his position would be desperate. So he ran in once more, clambered up over the tumbling screes, and then with fingers and toes attacked the narrow ledges of the rock itself.

He told me afterward it was the first piece of rock climbing he had done in all his life, and from the description (and he was never the man to exaggerate) it must have been no kind of work for an apprentice. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that he had learned to climb on a sailing ship, and later had been second mate on a full rigger, and from his official position had been expected to be (and was) the most reckless and skillful climber on board.

This training, one may gather, saved his life just then. He went up, he crawled sidewise, he went down, and clambered up again with straining finger-tips; and finally got to the middle of a fractureless slab of rock, and had to give up and go down and start afresh.

He prospected more diligently this time, traced a course, plotted it in his head, and attacked it with toes and fingers. This time he had more success. Daylight was flogging at his heels, and he strove upward with every muscle and nerve in his body. But the way was almost vertical and terribly hard. The jealous inches yielded to him reluctantly. The owl, for the first time in its history, scented an intruder, and came out to the edge of its hole and hooted derisively.

Kettle halted ten seconds for breath and nodded at it pleasantly. "I'll tweak your tail feathers yet before the day comes up," he gasped—"if only you'll wait for me." And then up he dragged himself hand over hand for six feet till once more he could find lodgment for the toes of his boots. And then came triumph. He put out a hand high above his head and got it in a firm hold. A second later he was in the place where his hand had been, and the owl, complaining noisily, flew outward past his ear.

For a while Captain Kettle lay on the floor of the cleft, getting back his breath in labored sobs. The valley below him was eclipsed. His only view was of snow-capped peaks at a far distance, rosy now with an unseen sunrise, and a limitless sky spread with the palette of the dawn. He looked and lusted. "By James!" he muttered, "if only I'd time to get you down on paper."

But he was never a man to allow himself the luxuries of poetry when business still remained to be done. The cleft ran into the mountain; a stream tinkled at its foot; and it flashed on him that here was a place to ambush the Wangaroo's men if so be he found it necessary to bring a squad of those all-nation ruffians up to the valley.

All evidences showed that the cleft had been but newly opened. The rock slab that sealed its mouth had shelled away and tumbled down on the screes below only a matter of weeks before, perhaps days. And the enterprising owl which had taken possession had not yet had time to build more than the rudiments of a nest, much less lay the impending egg. The main question was, would the cleft hold enough men?

The hollow in which he lay and panted would harbor half a dozen at a pinch—if they could get there. He rose to his feet and pressed on to the gloom at its farther end. The crack went on into the rock, and the stream murmured up into the black distance; but the rock walls drew together, and Kettle could not press even his slim body in between them.

A draft came out of a crack with the water and blew its grateful chill on to his perspiring face. He unwound the irritating head-rope and removed his head-loth to ge the full benefit of it and—no—yes—surely there was another draft blowing down from above. He shut his eyes tightly, and then peered upward into the gloom. Yes, there was a hole above him.

He pressed his toes, knees and elbows into the rock walls and heaved himself up, chimney-swept fashion, and presently stood in a channel above which appeared to lead directly in toward the heart of the rock.

He had matches, but they were few in number, and he did not want to waste them. So he went ahead into the darkness, exploring cautiously with hands and feet, and after removing the glass from his compass with the point of his knife, took bearings of direction from time to time by delicate finger touches on the bare needle. It was a nice piece of work, carried out by a remarkably clever surveyor.

The cleft he was in was an old water channel, now dry, which had broken through in places to a newer water channel below. It was level in floor and roof, smooth in sides, and for the most part beyond his reach in width, though here and there it contracted to a waist. These narrows were never too strait for navigation. And so he came on till the cleft abruptly ended in tooled masonry, and a path (on testing) proved itself to fork off at right angles, and up a steep incline.

"I reckon," said Kettle, "that this puzzle earns a match, though I hate to waste one. So here she goes, and the Lord grant the box isn't wet."

The match gleamed out with astonishing radiance. Kettle cupped his hand behind it as a reflector and peered ahead. The path rose sharply; it was just about as steep as one could walk on without holding to the sides. It ran (the compass told him) due northwest, and within range of the match light he saw it turn at right angles, and the commencement of another incline that ran northeast.

"My Great James!" said Captain Kettle. "Here's more of that infernal saint's story coming true. This is the well his forbears dug in the middle of the castle square when they were besieged, and had a bit of spare time on their hands. A dozen feet or so every hundred years, wasn't it? Also the air was bad; well, that's a lie, anyway. The air here is as sweet as gin. Wait a bit, though. What about the hole I got in at? That's new. The outside cake of stone shelled off perhaps only a week ago—I believe that's the very ticket, and the bad air's another piece of truth to the blackguard's credit. The water's in a sump at the bottom, all right, and that trickle down the creek is just the overffow. "The only question is about that last 100 feet at the top. If that's laddered, well here's as neat a back way in as any quiet- minded man would wish to find. But if they operated it with a rope and windlass, and the rope's pulled up, why then I guess, I'm as far away as I was at the foot of the rock itself. However, I'm not likely to find printed sailing directions and there's only one way to make sure, and that's go-look-see. So here's for the trip."

To Be Continued.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

SLAG AS A FERTILIZER

Can We Find a Use for Waste Products From Industrial Processes?

In the course of the investigations made by the bureau of soils of the fertilizer resources of the United States, the possible utilization of the waste products from various industrial processes is receiving serious attention. One of the most important of these byproducts, that is at present regarded as so much waste, is the slag produced in the manufacture of iron and steel.

The disposal of this slag has become quite a problem, for though small quantities are consumed in the manufacture of cement, brick and mineral wool, and larger quantities for roofing materials, road building and railroad ballast, the vast bulk of the slag produced in this country is thrown away. Near many of the plants all the space available for dumping purposes has been utilized, and in order to dispose of the molten slag a haul of half a mile or more is frequently made necessary.

In foreign countries, particularly Germany, where the iron ores used are high in phosphorous and the basic Bessemer process for the manufacture of steel is largely used, the slag produced is rich in phosphoric acid, and, therefore, find ready market as a fertilizer. The iron ore used in this country, however, with the excetpion of some mined in Alabama, are very low in phosphorus and consequently give slags containing, as a rule, considerably less than 1 per cent of phosphoric acid.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

Will some one give a reliable cure for trees that are blighted?—M., Maryville, Tenn.

I would like to know how to store sweet potatoes over winter for use in hot beds in the spring.—R., Hart, Mich.

R., Moundsville, W. Va., would like information on goats for a rough farm, the kind to keep and everything about them.

Will some reader of The Blade give their experience in keeping eggs in an ice house through the summer and then removing them and offering them for sale? Will they spoil quickly?—J., Boulee, N. C.

Drying Up a Cow.

J., Boulee, N. C., advises S., Abanda, Oklahoma, to allow his cow to dry up if she is due to calf soon. He milked a cow up to the day she dropped her calf and the calf died from lack of nature's milk, which the cow had not been allowed to furnish because of the milking.

Hay and Forage Production.

The following has been sent out by the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C., under date of June 23:

Hay and forage production has been greatly increased by the importation and adaptation of several plants, the cultivation of which has been experimented with and fostered by the United States department of agriculture through its bureau of plant industry until their suitability and reliability for the desired purpose have been fully demonstrated and their cultivation established.

Two of these are treated in two pamphlets issued in May, entitled, "Sudan Grass, a New Drouth-Resistent Hay Plant" (B. P. I. Circular 125), and "Vetch Growing in the South Atlantic States" (Farmers' Bulletin 529).

In the semi-arid west, where no perennial grass has thus far been found suited to the conditions, Sudan grass promises high value for hay. Indeed, it is not too much to predict that there it is destined to become the leading grass for hay production. Under more humid conditions it has succeeded admirably, and will probably replace foxtail millets to a large extent,. as it produces better hay and usually larger yields.

There is still much to learn in regard to the crop, but it has been tested most carefully in Texas, as well as at Arlington Farm, W. Va., and has at least a year's trial at many places on the great plains and at various agricultural experiment stations, and the data at hand indicate approximately the best methods of culture.

Under light rainfall conditions, it is probably best to sow Sudan grass in rows, yet excellent results have been secured in dry regions from broadcasting, and the grass grown that way does not become to coarse for palatable hay. Although very similar in appearance to Johnson grass, it is considered far superior as a forage crop, as it is more bunchy, putting out more stems and many more leaves. Horses and cows eat it greedily, none of the stems, which contain a great deal of sugar, being wasted, as is often the case, with the coarser grasses.

While the above is true as to conditions in the semi-arid section as to the benefit to be secured from this new grass introduced from Africa, the southeast has also been supplied with a particularly satisfactory forage plant for its humid climate in the vetch. The Southeast is not a grass country, but vetch is grown on practically every type of soil in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and should come to occupy an important place in the agriculture of these states. It has a high protein content, is a good hay, pasture and soiling crop, and its more general growth will aid in the development of the live stock industry, which bids fair to be of big agricultural interest at no distant date.

Like all legumes, vetch improves land, and as it grows through the winter and spring it makes an ideal cover crop to prevent leaching and washing, and may be harvested in time to plant corn, cowpeas or sometimes cotton on the same land.

Of the three kinds of vetch cultivated in the South Atlantic states, hairy vetch, or sand vetch, has a much wider adaptability, and is for general purposes superior to either the narrow-leaved vetch, or common vetch, although the latter is earlier, more easily handled and less expensive to seed.

On land that has never grown vetch, it must, like all legumes, be given the nitrogen-gathering bacteria, which appropriate the nitrogen from the air, before a satisfactory growth can be made, and this can be done by use of artificial vetch culture, distributed by the Unites States department of agriculture, or by using soil from a field where vetch has recently grown thriftily, and the latter method is more uniformly successful.

The experience of farmers shows that all kinds of stock will eat vetch; that by proper innoculation and seeding it can be grown successfully on all ordinary soils in the South Atlantic states, and that a yield of from one to three tons per acre is common.

Soil the Foundation.

"Thorough preparation of seed bed and intelligent selection of seed, and good cultivation are vitally essential, and must be employed, but to attempt to grow the 100 bushel crop by these methods alone is like trying to build a house by constructing the roof before laying the foundation. The foundation of a 100 bushel per acre crop is a fertile soil; a soil containing sufficient plant food elements to produce such abundant crops — a soil so intelligently drained that these elements in plant food solution shall not be weakened by overdilution.

"We must learn the simple lesson that wherever the necessary mineral elements of plant food are deficient, whether it is because they are never dposited in sufficient quantity by nature, or whether they have been exhausted by erosion, or repeated cropping, it must not only return them in their natural form, but must make them available for plant food by supplying organic matter in abundance. No considerable increased crop yields will be realized until these facts are thoroughly understood."

In the counties which have already organized a Farm Bureau, soil improvement is the first step usually undertaken, and a committee on soils one of the first to be appointed.

THE GARDEN

Tomato Culture.

Tomatoes are one of the most profitable crops that the farmer can grow and they require considerable less care than some crops that do not return as good profit. Tomatoes should make $300 to the acre when handled properly.

About the main thing with tomatoes is the right kind of plants, plenty of good, rich soil in which to start and the right kind of care and cultivation. Much depends upon the cultivation, as the plants are greatly in need of abundant moisture, especially in those sections where drought is common. Therefore it is necessary to keep the weeds down so that every available drop of moisture may be utilized for the benefit of the growing crop.

Another important thing is that all of the so-called suckers should be removed from the vines before they have had an opportunity to get too large. These suckers are great sappers of the vitality of a plant and will do a great deal of damage if not taken in hand promptly. They will consume immense amounts of moisture, thus robbing the fruit of a much needed essential during the dry months of the season.

The tomato field should be gone over at least three times during the season for the purpose of removing these suckers. The first time shortly after the plants have taken a firm hold and are growing well. The second visit should be about five weeks after the first one, and the third visit a week or two later. Of course, the best resuits are obtained where a weekly visit can be made, as you will be certain to overlook some on the first visit. Where large areas are cultivated, this is practically impossible, but on small fields it should be made the rule, not the exception.

Cultivation need not be deep. The best results are obtained by keeping the soil in a good workable condition, so that the moisture does not have an opportunity to escape and so that the weeds are kept down. The weeds will sap out a great deal of moisture in a very short time, so should not be allowed to make even a headway.-Besides adding to the moisture content of the soil, the keeping down of the weeds will add considerably to the beauty of the field.

The problem of staking up the plants is one that causes many people to refrain from growing this important crop. Yet there are hundreds of acres of tomatoes grown every year that have never been staked. The reason why is because some gardeners have learned how to grow short stock vines that are thoroughly capable of supporting the weight of the fruit without the aid of stakes.

Then in seasons where it is rather wet, the vines are inclined to grow too large, with the result that they cannot support the weight of the fruit. In this case it is almost absolutely necessary that they be staked. Anything that is convenient will answer the purpose and it will save bushels of the fruit that would otherwise rot. It pays to stake up the vines, where they are not strong enough to make this unnecessary.

Cabbage Sprays Safe.

One of the marks of progress is the manner in which plant growers are throwing aside their prejudice against poisons for insects, with the fear of being themselves poisoned after partaking of plants that have been sprayed," said Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist.

In a discussion of the poisons for insects Professor Surface said that there was formerly a great deal of prejudice against the use of such materials, but successful growers found that it was easy to control certain pests by using poisons either as spray materials or as dust, and also that it was perfectly safe as far as any possible injury to the consumer was concerned. Of course, due precautions should be taken, as, for example, in not poisoning those parts of plans that are to be eaten immediately like lettuce, which should not be sprayed or otherwise treated with poison shortly before the time it is gathered and used.

He considers it far more rational to suppress pests and produce fine crops at little expense by using modern methods in the application of dilute arsenical poisons than to attempt to use materials that are not known as poisons, and also which, in general, are not effective as means of suppressing the pests. For example, on cabbage many materials, such as road dust, wood ashes, lime, etc., have been used with more or less success for repelling or checking the green cabbage worms, but nothing has proven so satisfactory, especially on an extensive scale, where cabbage is grown largely for market, as well as dilute arsenical spray.

For this purpose paris green was formerly used, applied at the rate of one-half pound in 50 gallons of water, but arsenate of lead has now generally supplemented paris, especially on smooth, hard plants like cabbage and asparagus, where it is necessary to have it stick until consumed by the insects. To increase its adhesiveness in such cases, 1 per cent. or more of molasses or very thick soap solution should be added.

The formula for plants like asparagus and cabbage, and also for hard, smooth fruits like grapes and plums, is as follows:

1 ounce of arsenate of lead.
1 ounce of soap or molasses.
1 gallon of water.

For a large quantity it would be:

3 pounds of arsenate of lead, about 1 gallon of molasses or 3 pounds of soap.
50 gallons of water.

Soft soap or common brown laundry soap will do for the purpose of helping to increase adhesiveness.

It has been shown that to take enough poison to injure one from sprayed cabbage it would be necessary to eat from two to three hundred heads at one time. In such event the patient would need treatment from some other trouble than arsenical poisoning.

LIVE STOCK

Horse Notes.

The trotting season is now open and the judges' stands all over the country will be filled with competent or incompetent—as the case may be—officials. Unler the rules of the trotting turf the position of judge is a very important one, and should be filled by experienced, honest, upright men who have no friends to serve or enemies to punish. The prominent citizen, regardless of his want of knowledge of racing matters, used to be the personage selection to occupy—occupy is the word, for he did nothing else—the stand. Such a man when seen strutting around the grounds in the vicinity of the judges' stand was importuned to accept the office of judge, and he, knowing that he was totally ignorant of what was expected of him, accepted the position with great complacency. Now, why it is that a man who knows no more about trotting rules than a cow does about a musket, will unhesitatingly act as a judge of a horse race? A man may be a shrewd judge of the market value of a horse and a keen judge of human nature, and yet be an inefficient judge in the stand, It is not the popular man, or the man of imposing personal appearance, or the shrewd man that is needed in the stand, but it is the man who is thoroughly acquainted with the rules, the square man, the intelligent, well-informed man that is needed. The position of judge in a trotting race is no enviable one, and even where sweet justice is done to all there will be some "kicking."

Poor sight is the cause of many a horse shying and bolting. Shying is often the result of a high-spirited horse being ruined by an injudicious driver. A young horse shies at some unfamilial object he meets in the road from half fear and half play. The ignorant, unprincipled driver at once uses the whip. Here is where the great damage is done. The next time the horse approaches the object in the road he will recall the whipping, and his fear will be enhanced by the expected whipping, and, fearing both the object and the whi,p he will act worse than ever. The best way to proceed with a horse that shies or is afraid of an object by the roadside is to halt him and let him examine the object of his dread, at the same time talking to him and gently urging him up to it. With this treatment he will soon pay no attention to the thing that first scared him, and will regard all things he meets complacently. There are some drivers who should never be allowed a whip. They do not know when or how to use one. A horse that must be whipped on the road is not worth having. A whip is useful at times when a horse is inclined to turn around or to compel him to move quickly to escape imminent danger. A continuous use of the whip, when a horse will stand it, will make him lazy, paradoxical as this may seen.

The ear, perhaps, adds more outward expression in the horse's face than any other feature. It indicates the horse's state of mind objectively. It is wonderful how the direction of a horse's ears will change the whole expression of its face. Curiosity, fear, anger, impatience—how clearly a horse shows these by the attitude of his ears and how much more clearly some horses do than others. A professional driver watches his horse's ears continually, because they invariably signal him when he is about to make a change in his gait. Where you know your horse he has a perfectly understood code of ear signals. You instinctively watch the ear signals in critical places. You know by their position and movement everything he is cogitating in his brain, for he does think, and thinks almost as intelligently as any man does.

The size of the ear, its quality, its texture and its setting are very important. Long and well shaped ears indicate intelligence, as do broad forehead an daquiline facial lines. Many persons admire small and pointed ears carried close together at the tips. They generally indicate, however, nervous quality: the long, broad ear indicates a gentle, kindly disposition. A medium sized ear, not too small and not too large, carried well and used actively, is the one which gives beauty and character to the head.—D. T. Hendrickson in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

POULTRY

Essentials to Remember.

Never confine your young stock with the old fowls. The young birds are unable to get their proper share or food, and their growth is seriously retarded because of this fact.

When building a new poultry house do not select a low place as the site of the house, because surface water is apt to accumulate there, and damp air will always settle in a low place.

In making a house, economy of floor space, simplicity of construction and convenience in handling the fowls are the main things to be arranged for.

In selecting eggs for preserving only infertile ones should be used, as if the eggs are fertile and the hens have set on them for a few hours while in the nests the process of incubation has started and the egg soon spoils.

The cock birds should be given a good deal of attention at this time. You should decide at once whether or not you intend to keep them for another year. They should not be kept unless they have proved themselves to be extremely good sires, as an old male bird is usually an expensive thing after the second season.

Don't subject the broody hens to inhumane treatment. Treat them like you had some appreciation for the good work they have done during the past year. Inhumane treatment to setting or broody hens is certain to have an effect on the constitutions of the hens.

Care of Eggs.

Every year there is a loss of millions of dollars in bad eggs, the direct result of haphazard methods of production, marketing, and shipping which are now in vogue in many states. The greatest part of this loss is due mainly to ignorance or indifference on the part of the farmer and producer, and only a small part is caused by carelessness on the part of the buyer and shipper.

With a view to determining the causes of the great loss in eggs, the United States department of agriculture undertook a thorough investigation of the problem, and in its latest publication on the subject (bulletin 160, bureau of animal industry) are presented the results of experiments conducted in Kansas to determine what deterioration took place in eggs when retained under typical conditions on the farms, in the country store, and during transportation.

The field chosen for the work was one where the production and marketing of eggs was an important factor, a location where the co-operation of several farmers could be secured, and a town that was far enough from a central collecting point that the effect of typical transportation conditions could be observed. The eggs were collected at a stated time each day from several farms, and every egg, fertile or infertile, was supposed to be absolutely fresh when entered in the experiments.

The different tests included keeping eggs in dwelling house, in cyclone cave, in nests provided for laying hens, eggs placed under sitting hen, under corncrib, in nest in weeds or underbrush, in nest in strawstack, and in stolen nests for periods varying from two to seven days.

The tests emphasized the fact that infertile eggs kept better than fertile. One-third of the annual loss in eggs is due to "blood rings." A blood ring is caused by the development and subsequent death of the embryo of a fertile egg, supjected to heat. No embryo can develop in an infertile egg, no matter how long it may be subjected to heat. Unless cooled at once and kept cool, a fertile egg will spoil in hot weather almost as quickly as raw milk.

Some of the loss due to "rots" and "spots" is caused by contamination in the nest and is largely, if not entirely preventable.

Among the results of the tests it was found that: Eggs kept in the cyclone cave proved much better in quality than those kept under other conditions; taking the season as a whole, an unheated room in a dwelling is not conducive to good quality in eggs; during the hot summer months the conditions surrounding the weed nest, the nest in the straw stack, or under the corn crib, and the stolen nest, as well as the keeping of eggs in the house, favor the production of spots, blood rings, and rots; infertile eggs, regardless of where they may be kept, are much more resistant to deterioration than fertile; two-thirds of the total loss in fertile and infertile eggs takes place on the farm. The basic factors responsible for this condition are the haphazard methods of poultry management on the farm.

The results of all the experimental work point to the fact that the production of the infertile egg is the greatest asset in the attempt to produce high-quality market eggs during hot weather.

To assure a high quality of product and prevent in a large measure the loss now experienced in the value of the country's egg production, producers are urged to observe the following five simple rules: (1) Give the hens clean nests; (2) gather at least once daily; (3 keep eggs in a cool, dry place; (4) market eggs at least twice a week; (5) kill or sell all mature male birds as soon as the hatching season closes.

THE DAIRY

Ailments of Cows.

Disturbances in digestion are by far the most common ailments of cows. On the first signs of indisposition in a cow the food should be investigated and if a saline purgative is administered the attack will often be aborted. A drench consisting of one to one and a half pounds of Glauber's or epsom salts in solution of water is the best purgative at this time.

Inflammation of udder in cows is often infectious and can be carried from the affected to healthy members of the herd on the hands of the milkers. A good practice to follow is, to segregate any animal showing disease of the udder until it has recovered. The milker should wash and disinfect his hands after milking such a cow.

Depraved appetite (pica) in cows, in which they eat dirt, gravel, etc., is generally the forerunner of a more serious affection of the bones, and is due to a deficiency of bone-forming elements in the food. Finely ground bone meal added to the food assists in overcoming this affection. Such cows should also have access to a piece of rock salt where it can be licked at will.

Young calves suffer from a variety of diseases, such as inflammation of the joints, (joint ill), diarrhoea and pneumonia, that are due to infection taking place through the unhealed umbilical cord navel string). These affections can be stopped by a thorough cleaning and disinfection of the calf barn, and washing the navel with a per cent solution of creoline, after which paint it with tincture of iodine.

Cows lose their calves (abort) from a variety of causes. However, infectious abortion is very prevalent in the dairy herds of this country. For this reason, take no chances. Isolate immediately every cow as soon as she shows signs of impending abortion. When she aborts burn the calf and its membranes. Clean up and disinfect all discharges. Wash her hind parts with a 3 per cent solution of creolin. Keep her out of the herd until all signs of discharges have disappeared.

Never use force to remove a calf from a cow unless you are sure the calf is in the right position. Undue force used when the calf is in some positions will result in severe laceration and tearing of the cow and might result in death of the latter.

Flooding (excessive bleeding) which sometimes occurs after calving, can often be controlled by dashing cold water over the loins of the cow.

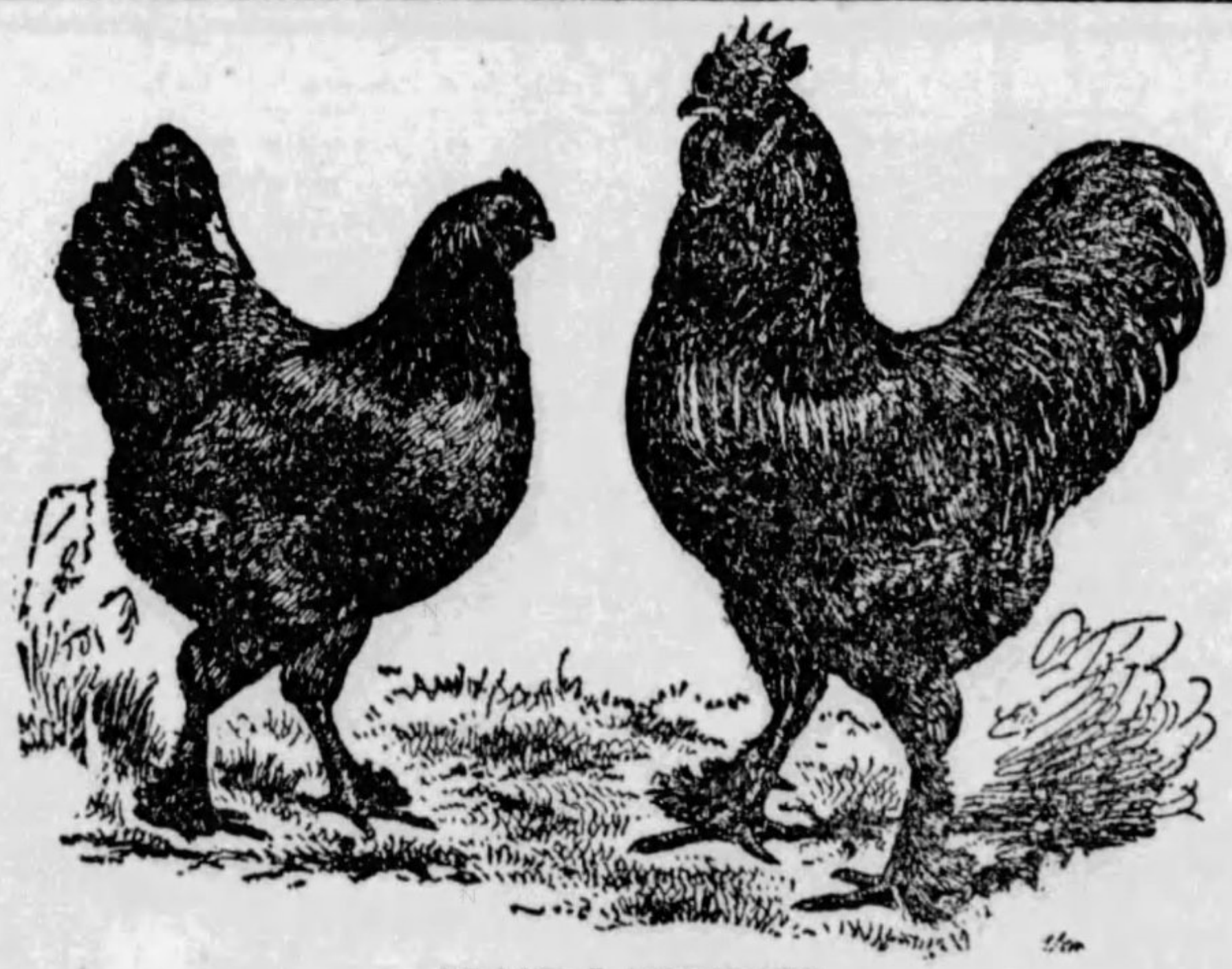
Bloody milk is caused by injury to or disease of the udder; also by functional derangement of the udder due to excitement in heat, eating of irritant plants, etc. In all cases a reduction in rations and the administration of a purgative dose of Glauber's or epsom salts is advisable. Milk sometimes becomes red tinged after standing awhile. This latter condition is due to the presence of a microorganism that enters the milk after milking.

Thorough attention to cleanliness and sterilization of milk utensils, will prevent the condition.

Mastitis (inflammation of the udder may be often induced in a cow by rough milking when the teats are sore or chapped. Chapped teats may be relieved by gentle rubbing with vaseline before and after milking. Severe applications of zinc ointment to sore teats, after cleaning them, will relieve most cases.

Bleeding from the navel cord in a calf may be stopped by tying it firmly with a clean piece of string. [illegible] the cord to [illegible] the bowel.—Chas. Keane, San Francisco Veterinary College.

SOME BIG BLACK FELLOWS



BLACK LANGSHANS.

This chicken is found in its purity in the Langshan district of China, hence the name. It enjoyed a great measure of popularity both in England and America, to which country it was later imported, and it today is widely bred in the south and west. It is a large, handsome fowl of beautiful greenish black and is accredited as a great layer of large dark brown eggs and gives splendid results both on free range and in limited quarters.

Change Your Seed Wheat
Get New Blood, Life and Vigor. Increased Hardiness, Productiveness and Quality. Save Money.

To sow 10 acres with your own wheat you will take at least 20 bushels worth, say, 90 cents, or $18, and clean and grade it down to 15 bushels and sow 1½ bushels per acre.

We will send you enough seed of the most remarkable wheat ever produced to sow 10 acres for $12.50. You can sell your common wheat and get $18. Send us $12.50 of it for seed to sow 10 acres and you will have $5.50 left.

EXAMPLE: Your wheat worth $18.00. Our improved seed costs you $12.50. You save $5.50.

But don't send us any money now. Send for our whole proposition and proofs. You're skeptical? Well, we don't blame you. It will cost you only a postage stamp to get the proofs how others have done all we claim—saved money in seed and made big extra money from the crop.

READ WHAT A FEW GROWERS SAY:

"Far ahead of other wheat. Surpasses everything in the neighborhood."—T. B. Bishop, Copper Valley, Va. "It will yield twice as much as other varieties I grow."—J. B. Tomlinson, Culleoka, Tenn. "It stools ten times as much as others. I could write for an hour of its good qualities and not tell all." — J. W. Franklin, Graysville, Tenn. "I am so well pleased I will sow my entire crop of it this fall."—Benton Linn, Lore City, O. "I like it so well I will not sow any other variety. I recommend it to others."—D. L. Beardsley, Cortland, N. Y. "I have not threshed but the yield is estimated at 50 to 60 bushels per acre. It is the finest and purest wheat ever raised in this neighborhood."—Larry Sowash, Amboy, Ind. "It has proven to be all you claimed. My field of wheat is a great curiosity and is viewed by many farmers every day. I am very proud of it and will help you introduce it." — Frank Stuff, Wawaka, Ind. "The wheat is good for 40 to 60 bushels per acre. It is little short of a miracle."—John Gang, Tower Co., N. D. "It is a harbinger of prosperity to the South. The wheat is producing 40 bushels per acre on ground my father considered worn out 50 years ago." — J. A. C., Campbell Co., Ga. "My first crop was 12 bushels from 4 lbs., my next was over 50 bushels per acre." — L. C. Harry, Van Buren Co., Mich.

142 heads have grown from one grain.

If you are a wheat grower you should not wait a minute, but send the coupon below before you lay this paper down. Get our whole proposition. It means money saved right now and more bushels of wheat after next harvest. Whether you intend to sow one acre of wheat or many, this ought to interest you more than anything else printed in this paper. It costs only a stamp to get full particulars. Send the coupon.

O. K. SEED STORE, Dept 18 Indianapolis, Ind.

SENDING THIS COUPON
Places you under no obligation, but you owe it to yourself to sign, clip AND MAIL IT.

O. K. SEED STORE,
Dept. 18 Indianapolis, Ind.
Without any obligation on my part please send me full particulars of new seed wheat and your whole proposition.
My Name........................
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BINDER Attachment with Corn Harvester cuts and throws in piles on harvester or winrows. Man and horse cuts and shocks equal with a Corn Binder. Sold in every state. Price $20.00. W. H. BUXTON, of Johnstown, Ohio, writes: "The Harvester has proven all you claim for it; the Harvester saved me over $25 in labor last year's corn cutting. I cut over 500 shocks; will make 4 bushels corn to a shock." Testimonials and catalog free, showing pictures of harvester. Address NEW PROCESS MFG. CO., Salina, Kans.

WONDERFUL GALVANIZED Steel Roofing OFFER
Fire, Water and Lightning Resistant. Practically Indestructible.
Special Summer Offer
Never before in the history of the roofing business has such a wonderful offer been made. It is good only for 90 days, and we advise the immediate advantage of this offer. Our stock consists of only about 10,000 squares of [illegible] roofing, which will be sold at this wonderfully low price. This roofing at $1.25 per square is brand new and first class [illegible]. It comes in sheets 22 x 24 ins. x 1¼ in. corrugated, [illegible] our grade FA-700, black corrugated roofing [illegible] freight prepaid. This is not galvanized, [illegible]
$1.25 Per 100 Sq. Ft. Buys Best STEEL ROOFING
Write us for Freight Prepaid Prices on Galvanized Roofing and Siding.
[illegible] opportunity to supply your roofing [illegible] fail to take advantage of it. We can furnish [illegible]
New, Heavy Galvanized Roofing 2½c Square Foot
We are quoting the lowest prices in the history of the roofing business. We can furnish you new heavy galvanized roofing [illegible] ft. Never before and probably never again will you be able to buy [illegible] enabled us to secure a limited amount, which we will dispose of [illegible]
We Will Save You Money
On every kind of Roofing, Siding or Ceiling—we can furnish you the material necessary for re-roofing your house, barn, granary, church, residence, garage or poultry house. We can also furnish you the siding, conductor pipe, eaves trough, and everything needed. METAL ROOFINGS ARE BEST and cheapest in the long run, easiest to lay, longest life, non-absorbent; fire and lightning proof; cooler in Summer, warmer in Winter; do not taint rain water; with ordinary care will last a life-time.
The Chicago House Wrecking Co.
Prominently known to the public for 20 years as the "Price Wreckers" [illegible] by the Harris Bros. Co. [illegible]
Write Today For Free Samples—and Freight Prepaid Prices
Tell us kind of building, length of rafters, and your ideas as to style of roofing, siding or ceiling you prefer. We will give you the benefit of our 20 years experience. The unequalled buying power, made possible by our perfect organization and capital stock, make it possible for us to pick up these snaps and [illegible] Be sure to ask for our special low freight prepaid prices. Your [illegible] fail to meet our representation. Our binding guarantee is your protection.
Harris Bros. Co. 35th & Iron Sts. Chicago

ECZEMA COVERED ENTIRE SCALP

Spread to Body, Limbs, Back and Ears. If Scratched Would Bleed and Smart. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

R. F. D. No. 2, Sunfield, Mich. — "I was troubled with eczema. It began with a sore on the top of the scalp, broke out as a pimple and grew larger until it was a large red spot with a crust or scab over it. This became larger finally covering the entire scalp and spread to different parts of the body, the limbs and back and in the ears. These sores grew larger gradually until some were as large as a quarter of a dollar. They would itch and if scratched they would bleed and smart. The clothing would irritate them at night when it was being removed causing them to itch and smart so I could not sleep. A watery fluid would run from them. My scalp became covered with a scale and when the hair was raised up it would raise this scale; the hair was coming out terribly. My scalp and body itched all the time.

"After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment with two applications we could notice a great difference. My way of using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to apply the Ointment to the sores and all over the scalp, then after I would wash the sores and scalp with the Soap. In a month's time I was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha Underwood, Jan. 3, 1913.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

HAS NO FOREIGN DEBTS

Panama Republic Has the World's Record.

Washington, July 28. — Panama, which claims the distinction of being the only country in the world without a foreign debt of any kind, will have a balance in its treasury of about $600,000 as soon as the first annual installment of $250,000, just paid by the United States for the use of the canal zone has been deposited.

Effective control over its revenues and a strict economy in expenditures have given the little republic a balance amounting to $3,841,214 annually. Its total invested capital is $7,085,000.

WARNS OF POTATO PEST

Department of Agriculture Issues Notice.

Washington, July 28.—Warning against a pest that threatens every dinner table in the land was issued today by the department of agriculture against the potato tuber moth which is working havoc with the potato crop in numerous parts of the country and whose ravages threaten to prevent the planting of the vegetable in many places of the winter supply. The pest is especially prevalent in California and Texas.

THE ALCO SELF-HEATING CURLING IRON.
No lamp, gas or electricity required. Simple and perfect, cannot burn or singe the hair. Can be used as an ordinary curler. Price 25 cents by mail. If not satisfactory money refunded.
S. E. RICE & CO.,
4721 No. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

ALL MADEROS ARE CONDEMNED

Ambassador Wilson Discusses Mexican Situation —Mediation Dangerous.

Washington, July 26.—Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, on his arrival here for conferences on the Mexican situation with President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, announced he had prepared a memorandum suggesting the policy the American government should pursue.

While declining to divulge its nature until he had submitted his views to the President and Mr. Bryan, the ambassador characterized as impracticable proposals for mediation by an American commission.

Has One Objection.

The ambassador described his treatment by President Wilson and Secretary Bryan hitherto as courteous in every respect, except one—the sending of separate agents to investigate conditions in Mexico. He severely criticized both William Bayard Hale and Reginald Del Valle, whom he declared were acting for the administration there.

"I don't think Mr. Del Valle should have been given the state department code," said the ambassador.

"I know he had because he went to the secretary of our legation in Havana to get help in deciphering it. Indeed, I believe the senate committee might investigate the distribution of the state department code to private individuals."

The ambassador said he had every disposition to carry out the wishes of the president and Secretary Bryan. Mediation, however, he looked upon as impossible because the Mexican federal government would not entertain such a suggestion.

"I regard mediation," he added, "as venturing on dangerous seas."

Mr. Wilson was vehement in his criticism of the constitutionalists and the Madero family.

To Poison Public Mind.

"The Madero family," asserted the ambassador, have maintained a paid bureau in Washington to poison the public mind. As to the rebels, there really are none except in Sonora where there is an organized government. Elsewhere there are bandits." The ambassador was asked about Coahuila where Gov. Carranza is in charge of the constitutionalist cause.

"There are bandits in Coahuila, too," he answered. "I don't mean to say that Carranza is a bandit, but in order to keep his men together, he has to allow them to loot, and they, therefore, become bandits."

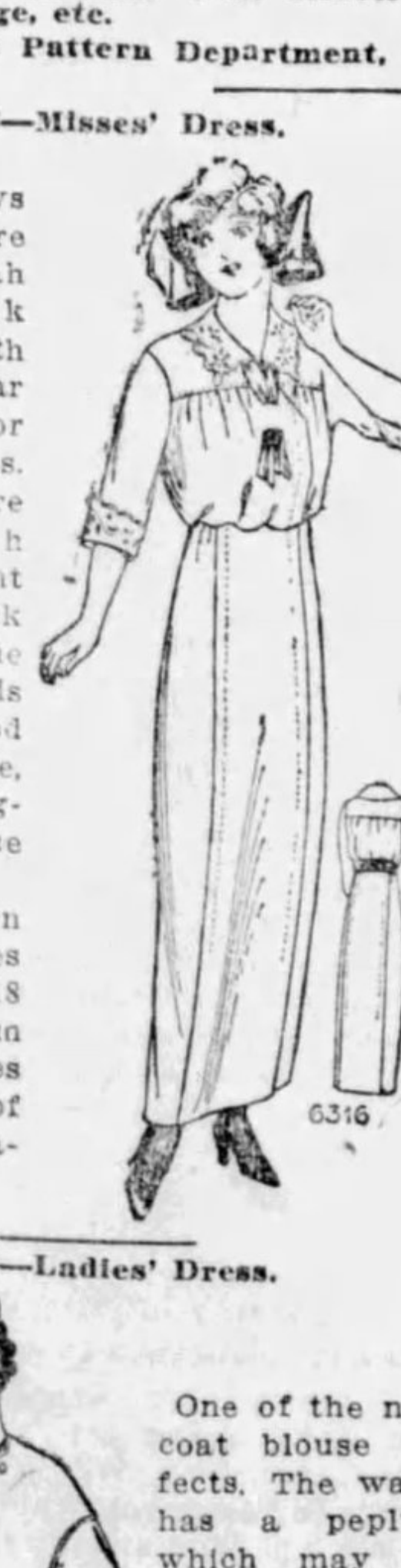
"Some of the proposals I have heard," he re marked, "sound like the dribblings of mere children. For instance, the proposal to have foreign powers from Central and South America act with us in mediating the trouble in Mexico. Why, that would be an overthrow of the principles of the Monroe doctrine, and the Mexicans would resent that interference. I know this proposal was once made by John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American union. Mr. Barrett and I are personal friends, and I have great respect for him, but I don't think much of that suggestion."

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

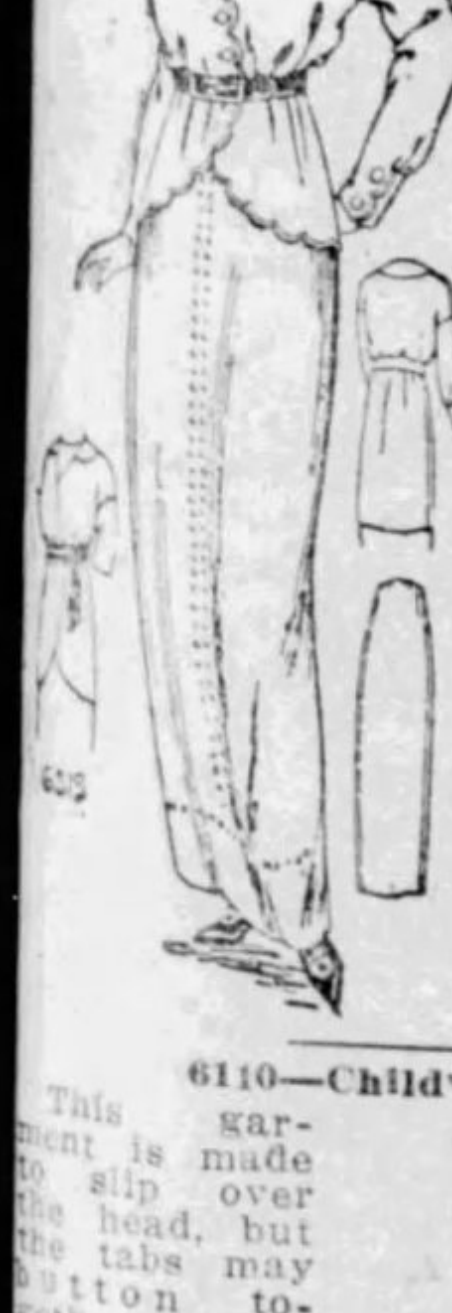
Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6316—Misses' Dress.



The always popular square yoke style, with open neck trimmed with a pretty collar and long or short sleeves. A four gore skirt, with panel front front and back completes the dress. This model is good for linen, voile, sateen, gingham and the like. The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

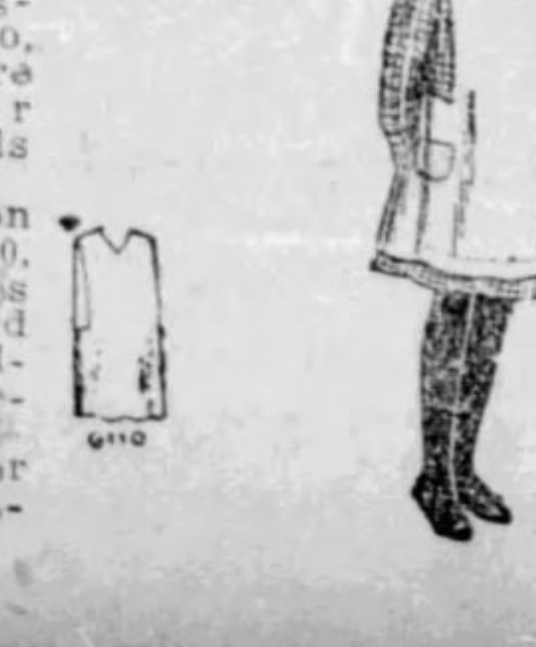
6319—Ladies' Dress.



One of the new coat blouse effects. The waist has a peplum which may be long or short, the drop shoulder and a separate two-piece skirt. Linen, silk, gingham and many other materials are suitable for this dress.

The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yds. of 36 inch material.

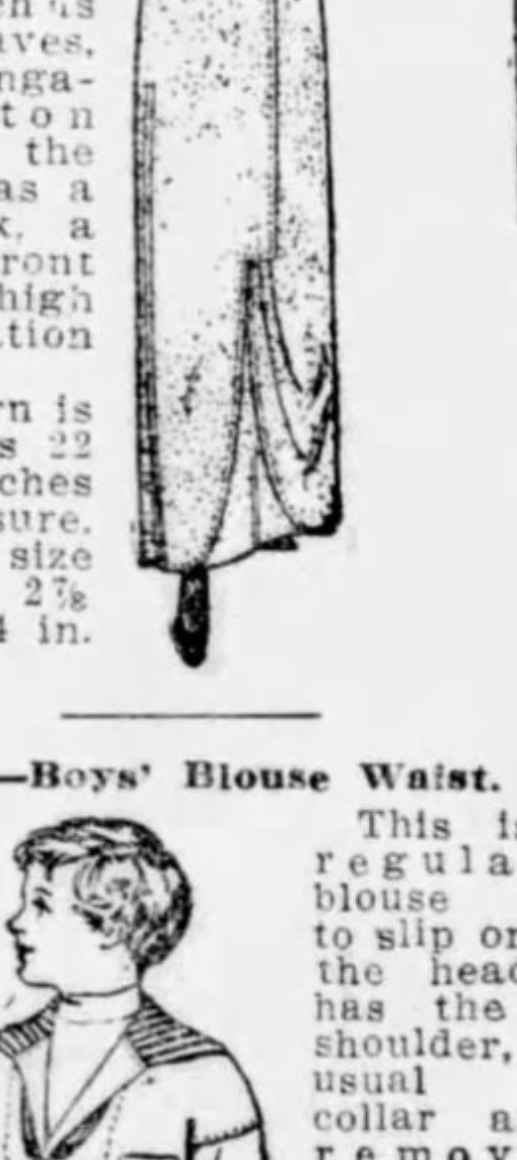
6110—Child's Apron.



This garment is made to slip over the head, but the tabs may button together at the shoulders if desired. Gingham, calico, linen, etc., are used for aprons of this kind.

The apron pattern, 6110, is cut is sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 27 or 36-inch material.

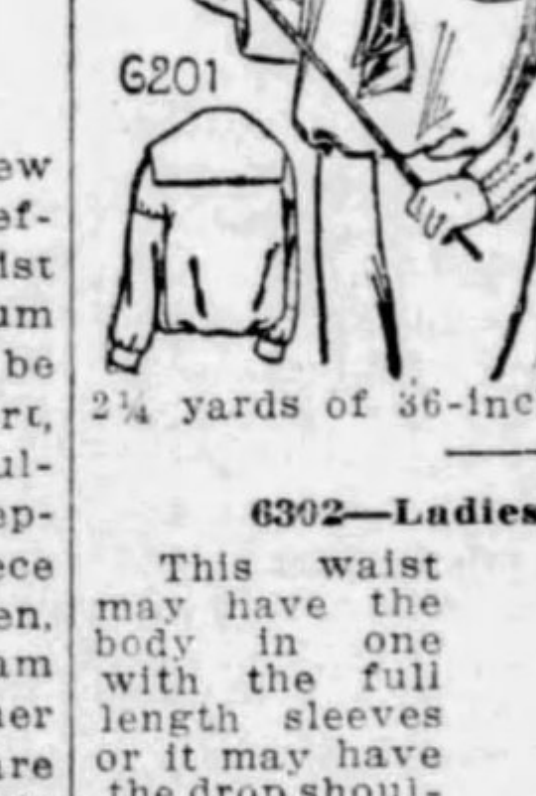
6297—Ladies' Three Gore Skirt.



This model is simple enough for a tailor made suit skirt or it may be of more dressy fabrics such as crepe weaves, faille, bengaline, cotton voile and the like. It has a panel back, a draped front and either high or regulation waistline.

The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 44 in. material.

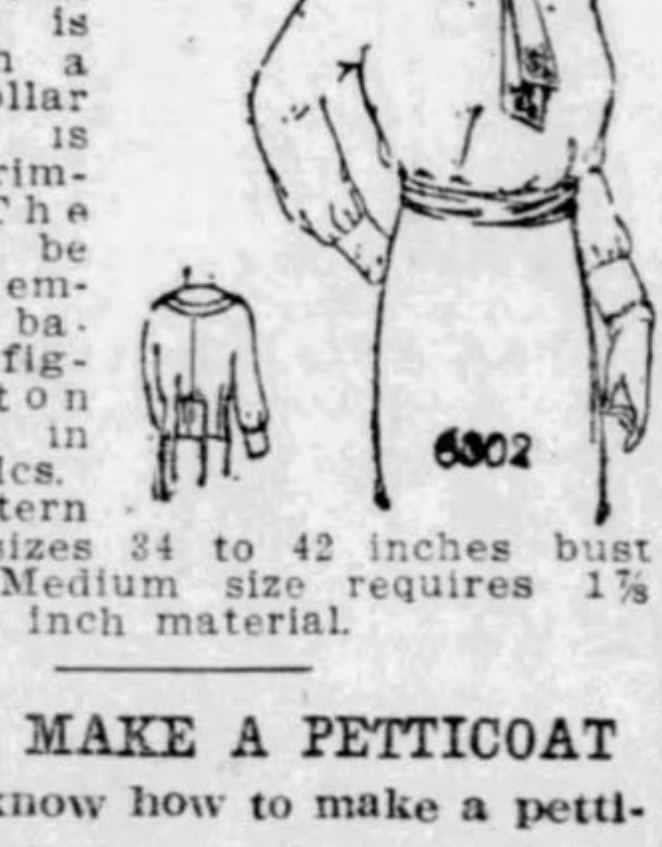
6201—Boys' Blouse Waist.



This is the regulation blouse made to slip on over the head. It has the drop shoulder, the usual sailor collar and a removable shield. It may be made of duck, gingham, pongee silk and the like.

The blouse pattern, 6201, is cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medsize requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

6302—Ladies' Shirt Waist.



This waist may have the body in one with the full length sleeves or it may have the drop shoulder and three-quarter sleeve. The neck is round with a small collar and there is no other trimming. The model will be pretty in embroidered batiste or figured cotton voile and in other fabrics.

The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

FOR PRISON SCHOOLS

Bureau of Education Praises Convict Training.

Washington, July 28.—In a bulletin advocating the extension of the educational system in federal and state prisons, the United States bureau of education today announced that out of 65 prisons in the United States and Canada reporting to it, 44 maintain classes in which both academic and trade subjects are taught.

Dr. A. C. Hill, of the New York state education department, who prepared the bulletin at the request of the bureau, believes the movement will be extended until every correctional institution will extend educational advantages to involuntary guests.

"Schools in prison," says Dr. Hill, "are the expression of the highest conception yet formed for the proper way to deal with men and women segregated from society for violation of its laws. They are an outgrowth of the belief that the door of hope must never be closed to any human being."

As an economic investment, Dr. Hill contends, society well could afford to support the school as a reclaiming agent for those who have fallen under its ban.

WIDESPREAD CAMPAIGN

"Votes for Women" to Be the General Cry.

Washington, July 25.—Plans for a widespread campaign for "votes for women" to be carried into all the states of the union not now having woman suffrage, will be laid at a conference of the National Council of Women Voters here August 13, 14 and 15. Announcement to this effect was made today at the congressional committee headquarters of the council.

Delegates to the conference will be present from Wyoming, Kansas, Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Washington, California, Oregon and Arizona, the states having full and complete woman suffrage. The state of Illinois, in which women recently won a modified right to the ballot, also may be granted representation. Ways and means of bringing influence to bear locally in the various states still considered "dark territory," by the suffragists, will be considered at the conference which will be executive.

Thirty-eight members of congress have signified their intention of attending the banquet to be given by the "Pilgrim" suffragists who will storm congress Thursday. A number of these have promised to deliver addresses. The "Pilgrims" are converging on Washington in automobiles from all points of the compass, according to a statement issued today from the headquarters of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

BECOMES AN HISTORIC RELIC

Washington, July 28.—Among the latest additions to the collection of historic relics in the national museum, the silver loving cup, commemorative of the opening of the parcel post system, today was given a prominent place. It was in the first package to go through the mail under the new system and was mailed by Postmaster General Hitchcock on the first day of the present year to Postmaster Morgan, at New York city. The cup bears the following inscription:

"This cup was the first article sent by the parcel post in the United States. It was forwarded to Postmaster Edward M. Morgan, of New York city, by Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock, who mailed it in person at the Washington city postoffice immediately after midnight on the morning of January 1, 1913. Presented to the National Museum by Postmaster Morgan."

ONLY 25c FOR THIS CORSET COVER

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EXCELLENT VALUE
AN ALL-OVER EMBROIDERY Corset Cover

This handsome corset cover is made in a pretty blind and open work design, exactly as illustrated. Has silk ribbon drawn entirely around and finished with bow. The arm holes are lace edged. Has draw strings at waist. Pearl buttons down front. Sizes, 32 to 44 inches. You will be surprised to get this beautiful corset cover for less than 50c. If you are not entirely satisfied upon receipt we will refund your money. Order by No. 189U52.

We want you to have our big 500-page catalog. It's free for the asking. Write for it now, today. Use it and save many dollars on your every day needs.

W. & H. WALKER
92 Herr's Island Pittsburgh, Pa.

RESINOL HEALS SKIN TROUBLES

Even the Stubbornest Cases Yield to This Easy, Economical Treatment.

If you have eczema, ringworm or other itching, burning, unsightly skin eruption, try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and see how quickly the itching stops and the trouble disappears, even in severe and stubborn cases.

And the best of it is you need never hesitate to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. There is nothing in them to injure the tenderest surface. Resinol is a doctor's prescription which for eighteen years has been used by careful physicians for all kinds of skin affections. They prescribe Resinol freely, confident that its soothing, healing action is brought about by medication so bland and gentle as to be suited to the most delicate or irritated skin.

Doctors have prescribed Resinol regularly for eighteen years, and thousands owe their skin health to it. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment (50c and $1.00) and Resinol Soap (25c), or sent by mail on receipt of price. Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

FEW TORPEDOES IN CASE OF WAR

Illinois Member of House Finds That There Are Only 700.

Washington, July 25.—Discovery that the torpedo boat flotillas, in case of war, would virtually be useless after they had discharged 700 torpedoes, has aroused Representative Britten, of Illinois, Republican member of the House naval affairs committee.

That number of torpedoes, according to Mr. Britten, is the sole stock on hand in the United States navy, and the two factories which manufacture the death dealing engines can turn out only a limited number each year. Mr. Britten today announced his intention of introducing a bill appropriating $400,000 to double the capacity of the naval torpedo plant at Newport, R. I.

The Illinois member is recently returned from a tour of inspection of the Atlantic coast navy yards taken with his fellow members of the house committee. He declared that of the stock of 700 torpedoes many are not new, and that their replacement would be a serious problem in war time because of the limited capacity of the two producing plants, one of which is a private concern.

The navy's torpedo plant at Newport, Mr. Britten said, he discovered has a capacity of only 100 torpedoes a year. The private corporation, under pressure, is capable of turning out twice that number per annum. He pointed out that any depletion of the existing stock would necessitate high pressure work by both plants to provide even a limited number of torpedoes for the small craft and for the torpedo tubes of the battleships and cruisers.

BRYAN MAY HELP PACIFY MEXICO

Washington, July 25.—The President made it clear to a number of friends today that he reposes great hope in his somewhat indefinite plans for peaceful mediation in Mexico and that he believed that out of the proffer of the good offices of the United States will come a constitutional election, by the results of which all factions in Mexico will cheerfuly abide.

Beyond his conviction that some practical plan of mediation can be worked out, the President has reached no definite decision.

Some of his advisors at the capital, however, believe that the first step should consist of sending a commission to Mexico to investigate the situation and to consult with both the Huertaites and those opposed to the de facto government.

Senator Bacon, chairman of the senate committee on foreign relations, refused to deny or confirm the rumor that Secretary of State Bryan was to head the Mexican commission of mediation and conciliation.

The secretary of state will be back today. Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson will arrive in Washington Saturday. He sent a wireless message to the President that his ship would not arrive in New York until Saturday morning. While he may see the President Saturday it was indicated in a high quarter today that the conference between the two will not be begun in earnest until Monday, unless the President should feel that the situation demanded that he break his rule of dispensing with official business on Sunday.

FOREIGN GRAIN REPORT

Message From Rome Gives Crop Figures.

A cablegram dated July 19, 1913, from the International Institute of Agriculture, Rome, Italy, has been received by the United States Department of Agriculture, containing the following information:

The estimated production of wheat this season in Bulgaria is 64,301,000 bushels, Spain 110,100,000, England and Wales 55,080,000 Italy 198,417,000 bushels. The estimated combined total of Belgium Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Luxemburg, Switzerland, United States, India, Japan, Great Britain, European Russia (winter wheat), and Hungary, excluding Croatia and Slavonia, is 1,962,000,000 bushels, or 100.2 per cent of last year's production in these countries.

The estimated production of rye is, in Belgium 21,964,000 bushels, and Spain 25,024,000 bushels. The combined total production of Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Luxemburg, Switzerland, Russia (winter rye), and Hungary excluding Croatia and Slavonia is 1,052,000,000 bushels, or 92.4 per cent of last year's production.

The estimated production of barley is, in Spain 63,742,000 bushels, England and Wales, 46,450,000, Hungary excluding Croatia and Slavonia 75,609,000 bushels. The combined total production of Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Luxemburg, Switzerland, United States, Japan Great Britain and Hungary, excluding Croatia and Slavonia is 539,000,000 bushels, or 92.0 per cent of last year's production in these states.

The estimated production of oats is, in Belgium 46,795,000 bushels, Spain 26,838,000, England and Wales 91,777,000 Hungary excluding Croatia and Slavonia 97,678,000, and Italy 35,826,000 bushels. The combined total of Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, Italy, Luxemburg Switzerland, United States, Japan, Great Britain, and Hungary excluding Croatia and Slavonia is 1,410,000,000 bushels, or 80.8 per cent of last year's production in these countries.

FALLS 110 FEET, WALKS AWAY

Steeplejack's Head Also Stopped Bucket in Descent.

St. Louis, Mo., July 23.—After falling 110 feet from the top of a smokestack to a steel roof and after stopping with his head a bucket of tar which had followed him in the plunge, Edward Horner, a steeplejack at the Granite City, Ill., steel works, today waved aside hospital attendants who had come to remove his remains and then walked half a mile to his home. There a physician said, although Horner's head and shoulders were badly bruised and that he probably was internally injured, he might recover. Horner had been hoisted to the top of the stack preparatory to painting it when the rope broke.

FEARS WILSON POWER

Senator Thinks President Exceeds Constitutional Authority.

Washington, July 24. — Senator Works, attacking the tariff bill today, charged that President Wilson exceeded his constitutional authority by aiding in framing the bill and "using his powerful influence to have it passed in the form approved by him and known to have his approval"

The senator also assailed the Democratic caucus, which he declared forced a senator to "forego his own conscientious convictions and judgment and vote with his party or come into disfavor and be branded as an apostate and betrayed of his party."

"The President," said Senator Works, "commits himself beyond recall to a bill not yet introduced and without having heard the presentation of their views by the legislative representatives of the states where vital interests and important industries are to be affected by it. Thus we have a bill agreed upon and marked for final passage, upon consideration only by a few men of the party, concurred in by the President acting with representatives of this one party. This comes in part from the vicious doctrine that the President is the leader of his party instead of, or as well as, the President of the whole people. The two are utterly inconsistent when it comes to the making of laws."

Senator Works did not doubt that the President acted from the purest motives but feared that "this great power to mould legislation might fall into unworthy or treasonable hands and that revolution may follow and this beneficent government of ours be disrupted."

IS 'SUFFROTESCENT' CREATURE

That's New Name Put on Male Suffragette.

Washington, July 28. — Headquarters of the National American Woman Suffrage Association seethed with indignation today when officers and members learned that Rep. J. Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, their most bitter opponent in congress, had fired another broadside into their camp last night from the pulpit of a local church. In addition to criticising the "cause" in vigorous terms, Mr. Heflin also gave his definition of suffragists and their male supporters. Here it is:

"Suffragettes — Unmarried female fanatics.

"Suffragettaers — Unhappy, discontented married women.

"Suffragettors—The male suffragette. A feeble-minded, suffrotescent creature."

Mr. Heflin today explained the word "suffrotescent" was his own coinage. After some thought he said he believed that "wooden headed" could be substituted for it without loss in meaning.

U.S. MAY BE MEDIATOR

Suggested as Force to Bring Peace in Mexico.

Washington, July 24.—Discussion of the Mexican situation today turned toward proposals that the United States act as mediator while elections are held and a constitutional government established.

Although such suggestions have at various times been made to President Wilson, Secretary Bryan and members of the congress by persons in this country and Mexico, the proposition has never reached the stage of serious consideration because of the insistent attitude of the constitutionalists that they would not entertain mediation under any circumstances.

"Who will guarantee the honesty of an election? The only guarantee we can have is to take possession of the government by arms, put in a provisional president and hold elections when the country is pacified. Elections with most of the country up in arms would be impossible."

This was the answer of the constitutionalists' representatives here today to representatives that mediation was about to be undertaken through the offices of the United States.

Will Lead Suffragists in March on Congress

MISS LUCY BURNS

Washington, July 20.— Miss Lucy Burns, of New York is one of the prominent suffragists who will lead the march on congress on July 31. Suffragists from every state in the union will participate. They will assemble at Hyattsville and hold an open air meeting. Then they will cross into Washington in autos and parade along Pennsylvania avenue to the capitol, where they will present petitions to congress asking that the constituion be amended so as to allow women to vote.

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

some small object which he held in the palm of his hand, examining it thoughtfully.

"Wot ye got there?" demanded the sheriff.

Professor Kent stretched out his hand, disclosing a small grayish object.

"I should take it to be the cocoon of Ephestia kuekniella," he announced.

"Oh!" grunted Schlager. "You're a bug collector, eh?"

"Exactly," answered the other, transferring his trove to his pocket.

Thereafter he seemed to lose interest in the center of mystery. Withdrawing to some distance, he paced up and down the shore, whistling lively tunes, not always in perfect accord, from which a deductive mind might have inferred that his soul was not in the music.

Nearer and nearer to high-water mark his pacing took him. Presently, though all the time continuing his whistling, he was scanning the tangled debris that the highest tide of the year had heaped up, almost against the cliff's foot. His whistling became slow, lugubrious, minor. It sagged. It died away. When it rose again, it was in march time, whereto the virtuoso stepped briskly toward the crowd. By this time the group had received several additions, but had suffered the loss of one of its component parts, the sheriff. Conjecture was buzzing from mouth to mouth as to the official's sudden defection.

"Whatever it was he got from the pocket," Kent heard one of the men say, "it started him quick."

"Looked to me like an envelope," hazarded some one.

"No," contradicted Sailor Smith; "paper would have been all pulped up by the water."

"Marked handkerchief, maybe," suggested another.

"Like as not," said Jarvis. "You bet that Len Schlager figured it out there was somethin' in it for him, anyways. I could see the money-gleam in his eye."

"That's right, too," confirmed the old sailor. "He looked just like that when he brought in that half-wit pedler, thinkin' he was the thousan'-dollar-reward thief last year."

"Trust Len Schlager to look out for number one first, an' be sheriff afterward," observed some one else.

Amidst this interchange of opinion, none of which was lost upon him, Professor Kent advanced and bent over the manacled corpse.

"Have to ask you to stand back, Perfessor," said Jarvis. "Len's appointed me special dep'ty till he comes back, and he says nobody is to lay finger on hide ner hair of the corpse; not even the doc, if he comes."

"Quite right," assented the other. "Sheriff Schlager exhibits commendable zeal and discretion."

"Wonder if he knowed the corpse?" suggested somebody in the crowd.

"Tell you who did, if he didn't," said another man.

"Who, then?"

"Elder Iry Dennett. Didn't none of you hear about his meetin' up with a strange woman yestiddy evenin'?"

"Shucks! This couldn't be that woman," said Jarvin. "How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck between last night and this morning?"

"How'd she come to be washed ashore from a wreck, anyway?" countered Sailor Smith. "The' ain't been no storm for a week, an' this body ain't been dead 24 hours."

"It plumb beats me," admitted Jarvis.

"Who is this Dennett?" asked Professor Kent.

"Iry? He's the town gab of Martindale Center. Does a little plumbin' an' tinkerin' on the side. Just now he's up to Cadystown. Took the ten-o'clock train last night."

"Then it was early when he met this woman?"

"Little after sundown. He was risin' the hill beyond the Nook—that's Sedgwick's place, the painter feller—when she come out of the shrubbery—pop! He quizzed her. Trust the Elder for that. But he didn't get much out of her, until he mentioned the Nook. Then she allowed she guessed she'd go there. An' he watched her go."

"You say a man named Sedgwick lives at the Nook. Is that Francis Sedgwick, the artist?" asked Kent.

"That's him," said Sailor Smith. "Paints right purty pictures. Lives there all alone with a Chinese cook."

"Well, the lady went down the hill," continued Jarvis, "just as Sedgwick come out to smoke a pipe on his stone wall. Iry thought he seemed surprised when she bespoke him. They passed a few remarks, an' then they had some words, an' the lady laughed loud an' kinder scornful. He seemed to be pointin' at a necklace of queer, fiery pink stones thet she wore, and tryin' to get somethin' out of her. She turned away, an' he started to follow, when all of a sudden she grabbed up a rock an' let him have it—blip! Keeled him clean over. Then she ran away up the road toward Hawkill Cliffs. That's the way Iry Dennett tells it. But I ain't never heard of a story losin' anythin' in the tellin' when it come through Iry's lips."

"Well, this corpse ain't got no pink necklace," suggested somebody.

"Bodies sometimes gets robbed," said Sailor Smith.

Chester Kent stooped over the writhen face, again peering close. Then he straightened up and began pulling thoughtfully at the lobe of his ear.

He pulled and pulled, until, as if by that process, he had turned his face toward the cliff. His lips pursed. He began whistling softly, and tunelessly. His gaze was abstracted.

"Ain't seen nothin' to make you feel bad, have you, Perfessor?" inquired Temporary-Deputy-Sheriff Jarvis with some acerbity.

"Eh? What?" said Kent absently. "Seen anything? Nothing but what's there for any one to see."

Following his fixed gaze, the others studied the face of the cliff; all but Sailor Smith. He blinked near-sightedly at the corpse.

"Say," said he presently, "what's them queer little marks on the neck, under the ear?"

Back came Kent's eyes. "Those?" he said smiling. "Why, those are, one might suppose, such indentations as would be made in flesh by forcing a jewel setting violently against it, by a blow or strong impact."

"Then you think it was the wom—" began the old seaman when several voices broke in:

"There goes Len now!"

The sheriff's heavy figure appeared on the brow of the cliff, moving toward the village.

"Who is it with him?" inquired Kent.

"Gansett Jim," answered Jarvis.

"An Indian?"

"Gosh! You got good eyes!" said Jarvis. "He's more Indian than anything else. Comes from down Amagansett way, and gets his name from it."

"H-m! When did he arrive?"

"While you was trapesin' around up yonder."

"Did he see the body?"

"Yep. Just after the sheriff got whatever it was from the pocket, Gansett Jim hove in sight. Len went over to him quick, an' said somethin' to him. He come and give a look at the body. But he didn't say nothing. Only grunted."

"Never does say nothin', only grunt," put in Sailor Smith.

"That's right," agreed Jarvis. "Well, the sheriff tells me to watch the body. Then he says, 'An' I'll need somebody to help me. I'll take you, Jim.' So he an' the Indian goes away together."

Professor Kent nodded. He looked seaward where the reefs were now baring their teeth more plainly through the racing currents, and he sighed. That sigh meant, in effect, "I wanted to play with my tides and eddies, and here is work thrown at my very feet!" Then he bade the group farewell, and set off up the beach.

"Seems kinder int'rested, don't he?" remarked one of the natives.

"Who is he, anyway?" inquired another.

"Oh, he's a sort of a harmless scientific crank," explained Jarvis, with patronizing kindliness. "Comes from Washington. Something to do with the government work."

"Kinder loony, I think," conjectured a little, thin, piping man. "Musses and moves around like it."

"Is that so!" said Sailor Smith, who still had his eyes fixed on the scarified neck. "Well, I ain't any to dum sure thet he's as big a fool as some folks I know thet thinks likelier of theirselves."

Others, however, supported the little man's diagnosis, and there was some feeling against Sailor Smith, who refused to make the vote unanimous.

"No, sir," he persisted sturdily. "That dude way of talkin' of his has got somethin' back of it, I'll bet. He seen there was somethin' queer about thet rope, an' he ast me about the knots, right off. He knows enough not to spit to wind'ard, an' don't you forgit it! Wouldnt surprise me none if he was pintin pretty nigh as clus up into the wind as Len Schlager."

Possibly the one supporter of the absent would have wavered in his loyalty had he seen the trove that Professor Chester Kent had carried unostentatiously from the beach, in his pocket, after picking it from the grating. It was the fuzzy cocoon of a small and quite unimportant insect. Perhaps the admiring Mr. Smith might even have come around to the majority opinion regarding Professor Kent's intellectual futility, could he have observed the absorbed interest with which the Washington scientist, seated on a boulder, opened up the cocoon, pricked it until the impotent inmate wriggled in protest, and then, casting it aside to perish, threw himself on his back and whistled the whole of Chopin's Funeral March, mostly off the key.

CHAPTER II.

Professor Kent Makes a Call.

Between the roadway and the broad front lawn of the Nook a four-foot, rough stone wall interposes. Looking up from his painting, Francis Sedgwick beheld, in the glare of the afternoon sun, a spare figure rise alertly upon the wall, descend to the road, and rise again. He stepped to the open window and watched a curious progress. A scrubby-bearded man, clad in serviceable khaki, was performing a stunt, with the wall as a basis. He was walking from east to west quite fast, and every third pace stepping upon the wall; stepping, Sedgwick duly noted, not jumping, the change of level being made without visible effort.

Now, Sedgwick himself was distinctly long of leg and limber, but he realized that he would be wholly incapable of duplicating the stranger's gracefully accomplished feat without violent and clumsy exertion. Consequently, he was interested. Leaning out of the window, he called:

"Hello, there!"

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, in a quiet cultivated voice.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing on my wall."

"Not in the least," replied the bearded man, rising buoyantly into full view, and subsiding again with the rhythm of a wave.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Taking a little exercise."

By this time, having reached the end of the wall, he turned and came back, making the step with his right leg instead of his left. Sedgwick hurried downstairs and out into the roadway. The stranger continued his performance silently. At closer inspection it appealed to the artist as even more mysterious both in purport and execution than it had looked at a distance.

"Do you do that often?" he asked presently.

The gymnast paused, poised like a Mercury on the high coping. "Yes," said he. "Otherwise I shouldn't be able to do it at all."

"I should think not, indeed! Has it any particular utility, that form of exercise?"

"Certainly. It is in pursuance of a theory of self-defense."

"What in the world has wall-hopping to do with self-defense?"

"I shall expound," said the stranger in professional tones, taking a seat by the unusual method of letting himself down on one leg while holding the other at right angles to his body. "Do you know anything of jiu-jutsu?"

"Very little."

"In common with most Americans. For that reason alone the Japanese system is highly effective here, not so effective in Japan. You perceive there the basis of my theory."

"No, I don't perceive it at all."

"A system of defense is effective in proportion to its unfamiliarity. That is all."

"Then your system consists in stepping up on a wall and diving into obscurity on the farther side, perhaps," suggested Sedgwick ironically.

"Defense, I said; not escape. Escape is perhaps preferable to defense, but not always so practicable. No; the wall merely served as a temporary gymnasium while I was waiting."

"Waiting for what?"

"For you."

"You have distinctly the advantage of me," said Sedgwick, with a frown; for he was in no mood to welcome strange visitors.

"To return to my theory of self-defense," said the other imperturbably. "My wall exercise serves to keep limber and active certain muscles that in the average man are half atrophied. You are familiar with the ostrich?"

"With his proverbial method of obfuscation," replied Sedgwick.

The other smiled "That, again, is escape or attempted escape. My reference was to other characteristics. However, I shall demonstrate." He rose on one foot with an ease that made the artist stare, descended, selected from the roadway a stone of ordinary cobble size, and handed it to Sedgkick.

"Let that lie the palm of your hand," said he, "and hold it out, waist high."

As he spoke he was standing two feet from the other, to his right. Sedgwick did as he was requested. As his hand took position, there was a twist of the bearded man's lithe body, a sharp click, and the stone, flying in a rising curve, swished through the leafage of a lilac 50 feet away.

"How did you do that?" cried the artist.

The other showed a slight indentation on the inside of his right boot heel, and then swung his right foot slowly and steadily up behind his left knee, and let it lapse into position again. "At shoulder height," he explained, "I could have done the same; but it would have broken your hand."

"I see," said the other, adding with distaste, "but to kick an opponent! Why even as a boy I was taught—"

"We were not speaking of child's play," said the visitor coolly; "nor am I concerned with the rules of the prize ring, as applied to my theory. When one is in danger, one uses a knife or gun, if at hand. I prefer a less deadly and more effective weapon. Kicking sidewise, either to the front or to the rear, I can disarm a man, break his leg, or lay him senseless. It is the special development of such muscles as the sartorius and plantaris," he ran his long fingers down the outside of his thigh round to the inside of his ankle, "that enables a human being, with practice, to kick like an ostrich. Since you found me exercising on your property I owe you this explanation. I hope you won't prosecute for trespass, Mr. Long-Lean-Leggy Sedgwick."

"Leggy!" The artist had whirled at the name. "Nobody's called me that for 10 years."

"Just 10 years ago that you graduated, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Then I knew you in college. You must have been before my class."

The bearded one nodded. "Senior to your freshman," said he.

The younger man scrutinized him. "Chester Kent!" said he softly. "What on earth are you doing behind that bush?"

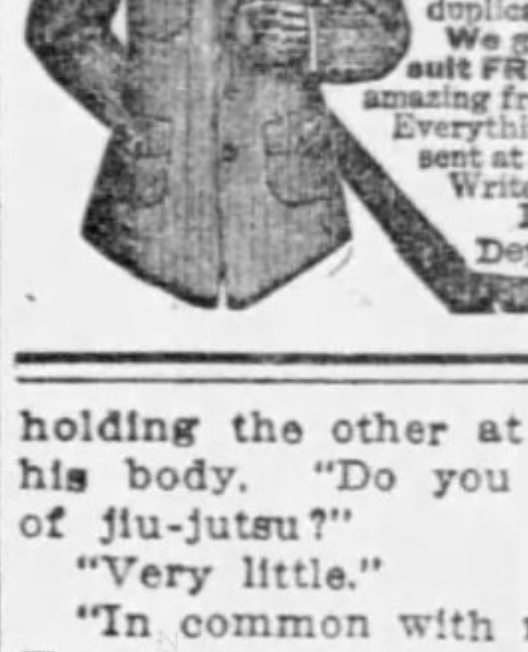
Kent caressed the maligned whiskers. "Utility," he explained. "Patent, impenetrable mosquito screen. I've been off in the wilds, and am —or was—going back presently."

"Not until you've stopped long enough to get reacquainted," declared Sedgwick. "Just at present you're going to stay to dinner."

"Very good. Just now you happen to be in my immediate line of interest. It is a fortunate circumstance for me, to find you here; possibly for you, too."

"Most assuredly," returned the other with heartiness. "Come in on the porch and have a hammock and pipe."

To Be Continued.



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Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

What is known as the polar regions cover 4,970,265 square miles and have 300,000 inhabitants.

Hong-Kong last year imported 137,000 pounds of ginseng, nearly all from the United States.

A suspension bridge with a main span 2,700 feet long is proposed for the Mersey river at Liverpool.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER"

Without good red blood a man has a weak heart and poor nerves. Thinness of the blood, or anaemia, is common in young folks as well as old. Especially is it the case with those who work in illy ventilated factories—or those who are shut up indoors in winter time with a coal stove burning up the oxygen or emitting carbonic (oxide) gas. This blood, or blood which lacks the red blood corpuscles, in anaemic people may have been caused by lack of good fresh air breathed into lungs, or by poor digestion or dyspepsia. Sometimes people suffer intense pain over the heart which is not heart disease at all, but caused by indigestion. Whatever the cause, there's just one remedy that you can turn to—knowing that it has given satisfaction for over 40 years.

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KEEP POSTED

You should know when the weather is hot without looking at a thermometer, but you will never know what is going on in the world of opportunities without keeping an eye on the trade barometer. Don't overlook The Blade's advertising columns.

"What is a pawpaw?" asks the Boston Globe. And if so, why?

Where does the Wilson administration stand on huckleberry pie?

Eugenic widows and widowers are not quoted in the matrimonial market.

There can be no such thing as petticoat rule where silhouette skirts are worn.

Green hair is the latest French fad. Don't fancy it would look very good in yellow butter.

Little green apples never kill the small boy whom destiny has selected for greater things.

Life is still worth living. There has been no advance in the price of crumbs of comfort.

President Wilson has a smile that disappointed officeseekers are making no effort to imitate.

Anyway, Mulhall has the distinction of having been called a liar by a number of prominent men.

Mr. Bryan talks about preparing for his old age. Evidently he no longer feels like a boy orator.

Hurry and Worry are twins that every mother of a family of seven children knows something about.

It would be interesting to know how many men there are in congress who could earn more money outside.

The millennium has received another setback. In Gary, Ind., cherry pies are made of watermelon pulp.

Women have married some mighty poor men, but they may use better judgment when it comes to voting.

President Wilson has gained ten pounds since he moved into the White House, but he still has a skinny smile.

The deepest hole in the world has been found in Silesia. Too far away for the administration at Washington to fall in.

Mrs. Pankhurst says the militants have money to burn. But, of course, they would rather burn an unoccupied house.

A Milwaukee judge has sentenced a man to remember the date of his wedding. Another argument in favor of the recall.

If there is no romance in eugenic marriages what is the future going to do for poets? All the children will be mathematicians.

It is rather remarkable that nobody ever hears a small boy say he is going to become a politician when he gets to be a man.

"The fewer our wants the nearer we resemble the gods," said Socrates. Old Sock never yearned for a seven-passenger touring car.

After the man who used to steal watermelons in his youthful days reaches the age of forty he is in favor of letting bygones be bygones.

"I never talk back to Champ," says the wife of Speaker Clark. From this remark it may be inferred Mr. Clark is the speaker of two houses.

One preacher says John D. Rockefeller "is a rosebud in God's garden." Why do preachers slop over when they try to please a rich man?

After people have reached the age of 45 or 50 they begin to think that being young once was the greatest thing that ever happened to them.

The ballot has been conferred upon one million, six hundred thousand Illinois women, and probably half of them won't know what to wear at the next election.

The world would look more beautiful to all concerned if fat women could avoid becoming too fat and skinny women could reach their ideal of plumpness.

Just as soon as the parcel post begins carrying twenty-pound packages every woman will try to think of something that weighs nineteen and three-quarter pounds to send to her aunt.

Skeletons of prehistoric men without foreheads have been found in Indiana. And yet, if they were alive today, probably they would be telling the Hoosier editors how to run their papers.

A STRIKE TO BE ASHAMED OF

The Calumet & Hecla property, the scene of strike disturbances, is the richest metal producing mine in the world. It has assets of nearly $9,000,000 with a capitalization of only $2,500,000. The shares have a par value of $25, but the original investors had to pay only $12 a share. The stock is quoted in the market now at more than $400 a share and there have been times when the price was more than twice that.

According to the "Copper Handbook," the company paid $5,000,000 in dividends in 1905, just twice its capitalization. The dividends were $7,000,000 in 1906, $2,900,000 in 1910. Up to the end of 1910, the company had disbursed $112,500,000 or $1,125 per share, since its organization.

Calumet & Hecla, as much as any other concern in the world, represents the corporation scheme of enterprise carried to a high development. It seems, then, the rankest kind of hypocrisy for the company to deny the right of its workmen to practice in their field a system of co-operation almost identical in form with the system under which the company itself exists and flourishes. Further, it seems a monstrous thing that a corporation which has received such vast returns upon a meagre investment should have a strike at all.

HANGING ON TO PETTINESS.

The attorney general of the state of Mississippi has filed suit against the Illinois Central Railroad upon accusations of violating the anti-trust laws. It is charged that in absorbing the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley and thus getting access through the state to a terminus in New Orleans the company committed an offense most heinous, which can be forgiven only if the Illinois Central disposes of its control in the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley railroad and pays into the state treasury the sum of $75,000,000.

The evening of the day of little things came years ago. But many public officers have never realized it. They cling like glue to the idea that combinations of capital, the union of wage-earners and the co-operation of agricultural producers are criminal and immoral simply because they are combinations They will not see that the duty of government is not that of breaking up such partnerships of money and strength, but in so regulating them that the power which comes to them through combination shall be directed to the public good.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad is made up of the Buffalo & Erie, the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana, the Cleveland, Painesville & Ashtabula and the Cleveland & Toledo railroads. It is possibly within the power of the state of Ohio, with its all-comprehensive anti-trust law as a club, to break the Lake Shore up into the picayunish parts out of which it is made. It is to the credit of the officers of the state that they have not thought of doing so. The Illinois Central's development in the south was in very much the way the Lake Shore grew out of littlenesses. That the state of Mississippi is the worst for through traffic connections with Chicago is beyond believing. But we can well believe that Mississippi can prove the connections unlawful. None of the states, so far as we know, lacks the statutes which make out that combination is criminal, that the old-time pettiness and feebleness of enterprise represent the ultimate pinnacles of legitimate business.

A BRYANESQUE POLICY

Mr. Bryan made a campaign for the Presidency as an anti-imperialist at a time when his countrymen were rather taken with the excitements and spacious aspects of imperialism.

Secretary Bryan has devised a strategem in imperialism and won his anti-expansionist superior over to it at the time when imperalism is as interesting to the American public as the defunct game of ping-pong.

It may be of no particular significance that the imperialistic scheme of Mr. Bryan's own invention is the broadest and most ambitious one put forth since it was expedient to go to war for Texas and convenient later to gather in New Mexico, Arizona and California. Yet some way or other it seems a natural product of Mr. Bryan's intellectual processes. When he is against an idea, he is against it with fists, feet, teeth and nails. When an idea strikes him as good, why, then, he is ready to go the whole hog for it.

THE BEST IN SPECULATION

A good deal of harsh criticism has been visited upon the senate amendment to the tariff bill which would impose a tax of one-tenth of a cent per pound upon cotton sold for future delivery.

The charge is made that the lawmakers have ignored entirely the fact that speculation is of some benefit. The people who are urging the amendment, understood to be the cotton-growers of the south, would be the ones who would suffer most from the law, it is declared. The history of a similar regulation in Germany is recited to show that this would be the result of the tax. Once in application, it is predicted, the cotton exchanges of the United States would close, the price of American cotton would be fixed in Liverpool and the American planters would pay only what the English exchange should choose to have paid. The cessation of exchange quotations would be a decided loss to the grower, the old-time fluctuations in price would come again, every dealer would be a speculator—these, with scores of other criticisms, have been leveled at the proposal.

Somewhere between no speculation at all and the speculation that works harm, promotes abuses and leads to hardships must be some right and legitimate business course. If congress really desires to correct an evil, and not simply desires to tap a new well of revenue, it will search for that course. The evils are plain enough, the gain not so clear. With the power it possesses and the time for research it commands, congress can put the cotton market upon a thoroughly honest and beneficent basis.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Our 1913-14 subscription season begins with the month of August, and we have every reason to believe that this will be the most successful season in the history of the paper.

The Blade is gaining friends daily and this, the 78th year of its existence, finds it more popular than at any time during its long and successful career; over 240,000 families throughout the United States are now readers of the Blade and our subscription list is steadily increasing.

During the first seven months of this year we have received more renewals and more large clubs than during the same period of any preceding year, this fact alone clearly demonstrates the high esteem in which The Blade is held by its many readers.

The Toledo Weekly Blade is unquestionably the best family newspaper published in America.

Because—Every feature in The Blade is of interest to yourself or some member of your family.

Because—The Blade has an unquestionable reputation as an honest and fair newspaper.

Because—The news of the whole world is printed; yet, in such concise form the busiest man may, by a few hours' reading a week, keep abreast with the times.

Because—The general tone of the Miscellaneous Reading Matter in The Blade is elevating, instructive and entertaining.

You have been a reader of the Blade for a long time and know its value as a newspaper in your home, therefore you can have no hesitancy in recommending it to your friends.

All subscribers whose time expires during the month of August should have received our special propositions by this time. You will find the offers we make are exceedingly liberal and we are absolutely certain that you will not only renew promptly, but that you will send us a club of at least 10 or 20 names, made up of your neighbors and friends, nad by so doing get your paper one year free, also one of our beautiful and useful premiums which we give absolutely free and postpaid to your address.

We particularly wish to call your attention to our special proposition number 4. If you sent us a club of 10 or even four names last year, we are sure that with little effort you will find it very easy to make your club 20 names this year and thereby take advantage of the exceptional offer we make.

It is important that all who receive our August propositions accept one of them before September 1st, as after this date we shall deal with September expirations only.

MORALS AND CLOTHES

When clothes are brought into the subject of morality, the human race adjusts its views by purely arbitrary systems.

Persons in bathing suits, for instance, are dressed properly and decorously as long as they keep to the beaches. But a few hundred feet back from the beaches the bathing suit is immodest and the bather who crosses the line is subject to arrest for "indecent exposure of the person." At the track meet of amateur athletes clothes are reduced to the minimum. A flimsy sort of an undershirt, things that end at the knees and a pair of running shoes constitute costume enough there to meet the ideas of the most particular. Save in a college town, the youngster who ran about so clad would be swaddled in a blanket and hurried to the police station. In Richmond, Va., a woman who wore a slit skirt has been arrested and fined for scandalizing the public. The same public would discover nothing scandalizing in garments on the stage many times more tell-tale.

There is no special moral in these amusing inconsistencies. They are merely human.

MR. BRYAN'S VACATION.

The criticism of Secretary Bryan for his announced determination to go upon a summer's tour of the Chautauqua circuit, letting his work at the state department accumulate against his return, is wanting in common charity.

It is an assumption that election or appointment to a political office is a sentence to drudgery, a term at the suppression of all natural impulses, a suspension of life-long habit.

Speechmaking for Mr. Bryan is not work, but a recreation, a passion. Words bubble up in him as air in a bottle of charged grape juice. He has been accustomed to talk as some men are accustomed to smoke, and it is no more fair to ask Mr. Bryan to close his weasand and keep it closed than it is to demand that each representative forego the delights of tobacco throughout his exile in Washington.

Secretary Bryan will go forth and unburden himself of stately thoughts and silver-toned syllables. He will return to the capital tremendously refreshed and eager to dive into the work, like a steam shovel at Panama. If hurt by the criticisms, Mr. Bryan stays at home, the consequences be upon the critics. It would be no very pleasant thing for his office force to hear a loud explosion, rush to their beloved secretary's room and find him shattered to bits and shreds—blown up by muzzled and pinioned parts of speech.

CHINA BREAKING UP?

News has come from Peking that eight southern provinces have determined to withdraw from the republic and set up an independent confederacy.

Persons familiar with Asiatic politics have been predicting that something of this kind would happen. The Japanese, it is charged, have been stirring up strife for the purpose of weakening their massive neighbor. Russia has seemingly decided that the republic could not attempt reprisals and has taken a firmer grip upon Mongolia. Broken up into a number of independent nations, the Chinese empire that was might prove easier prey for the land-hungry vultures which have hovered over the country so long.

Still, there is another way of looking at the situation. China now is cumbersome, unwieldly. In smaller parts, there might be more efficient government, greater ease in realizing the dream of democracy and—what is of vast importance—defense against the nations which have been nibbling around the edges and gobbling bits of country which the governmnt, almost too obese to move, could not grab back.

GROWING PEACHES.

The successful peach-grower is particularly the envy of the desk-weary city man. He would seem to have found the land flowing with milk and honey. His work is under temperate skies. He sleeps where cool lake breezes may blow across his bed, if he is well enough acquainted with modern hygienic wisdom to let them. In the bank, so it is popularly supposed, are great sums subject to his whim and call.

The reality is not quite so primrosey. The peach-grower's life is a life of anxiety. He watches the clouds, he marks the winds, he studies the thermometer, as another man might the tape from a stock ticker. He has plowing to do and fertilizing. He must cut back the young trees and prune the older ones. There are insidious diseases he must treat—yellows, twig blight, leaf curl, black spot. Insects dispute possession of the orchard — bark beetle, aphis, peach tree borer and an occasional stranger with an appetite for destruction quite as strong.

The price of land on the peach growing shores indicates that the orchards pay. But there is one thing the peach grower will swear to by the deadliest oaths. This is that he earns his money. There are none who can readily dispute the fact.

ONE WAY TO PEACE.

The idea of putting a rifle into the hands of every man in Mexico and stowing his pockets with cartridges, irrespective of the side for which he prefers to shoot, makes up in practicability what it lacks in humanitarianism.

It promises, for one thing, to hurry Mexico to that point of exhaustion where she must accept peace, lacking the physical energy to fight it off. It promises for another thing to reduce the population to the point where there'll be enough land to meet every man's opinion as to how much a man should rightfully have, enough houses, horses, saddles and red cloth, property of the late deceased, to keep the survivors fairly contented.

The hundred or so efforts to make Mexico leave the war path and come back to the sunny spot and the quiet cigarette beside the adobe wall have all of them failed. She is milling around like a herd of cattle on a stormy night and nothing short of utter weariness seems to hold out any possibility of the restoration of order. The members of the United States senate seem to have grasped the situation with understanding. They are quoted as in favor of the shipment of arms across the border and asking no questions as to whether the weapons shall be used for or against the government. Under the circumstances, the policy is a sensible one. It will lead to tranquility—the kind which particularly distinguishes the graveyard.

A CURE FOR LOAFERS.

The town of Ballard, in Washington, is experimenting with a cure for husbands who are careless in the matter of supporting their families. The cure is sentence to the municipal farm, where the prisoner is made to cut wood, build fences, dig stumps, plow the fields and perform the hundred or so other tasks which fall to the lot of the farm hand. An allowance of $1.50 a day is made for his labor, but it does not go to him. The family draws it from the public treasury.

The cure has so far been effective in Ballard. No doubt it would be useful to other communities. The trouble with the ordinary workhouse or jail sentence is that the man usually comes forth to freedom about as worthless as when he went in. A summer at farm labor ought to come very near to making the average loafer all over, mentally and physically. Thus a community would gain by ridding itself of a nuisance and a burden and the offender would gain by acquiring a stamina with which to withstand temptation and a set of muscles which would make work less terrifying.

THE LESSON.

The Binghamton horror occurred because the lesson of the earlier horrors were lost on the factory owners. The state of New York has fire laws and factory laws which cover many pages of statute books, a labor commission and an elaborate inspection system. But laws, commissioners and inspectors have not been adequate to prevent the terrible loss of life at Binghamton.

Nor can these holocausts be prevented unless factory owners look to their own permanent interest better. It is for them to see that fires shall not break out, that if they do they shall not make headway and corner workers between walls of flame.

The wise manufacturer, wherever he is, will read the account of the tragedy with special reference to himself. He will make his plant so safe that none will ever hint that his place is a fire trap.

"Why are we women given such lovely forms?" asks a lady of title. Perhaps the corset manufacturers could tell her.

Sunday School

THE DUEL BETWEEN KINGS

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 3 Is, "The Plagues of Egypt." Ps. 105.23-26.

By William T. Ellis.

One of the most interesting stories in the Bible, and one which is fastened in the memory from childhood days, is the narrative of the ten plagues of Egypt. These were the weapons used by Jehovah in the great contest with Pharaoh for the deliverance of the Children of Israel from bondage. The story is replete with dramatic incident. It has all the thrill which a great contest ever excites, and then it has the multitude of absorbing accessories, such as the shepherd's rod which in Aaron's hand became a serpent; the clever efforts of the Egyptian magicians to match the miracles, the repeated interviews between the Prince - Shepherd - Emancipator, and Pharaoh, with mutual defiances; and then the nature of the plagues themselves.

We do not have to take Pharaoh at his own valuation, as we find his might vauntingly set forth on the monuments, to understand that he was one of the two lords of the world in his time. He was an absolute despot, with power of life and death over every man and woman in a large section of the known world. He was worshipped as a God by his people. To him Jehovah was but as one of the tribal gods of the heathen; the tutelar deity of these despised Hebrews. In such a contest Pharoah thought that the odds were all with the builders of the pyramid and of the great temples.

The story is crowded with messages for everyday life, for the struggle between God and the proud human soul is written in the book of the heart of many a man and woman who will read these words.

The Covenant That Counts.

The modern school of fiction writing plunges into the middle of things, with the first sentence of the opening chapter. The older way, which is truer to life, recalls what went before. We are introduced to this spectacular duel between deity and earthly king, by reminders of Jehovah's ancient covenant. We find Abraham and Isaac and Jacob here. Their soul transactions with the Infinite are a factor in the great struggle in Egypt. God recalled to Moses the covenant that he had made with the patriarchs. He takes very seriously his agreements with man. Does one say that the covenant had been rendered invalid because the party of the second part had broken it? Not so; God keeps faith. "If we are faithless, he abideth faithful; for He cannot deny Himself."

One of the changeless things of time and eternity is the spoken word of God. Into this compact mortal may enter. The covenant-keeping character of Jehovah is the comfort of parents who have dedicated their children to him; and it is the support of all who have pledged their lives to God in the great transaction which is the mountain peak of human experience. Amid the flash and clamor of this conflict in old Pharaoh's court, we can read in clear and shining letters the eternal truth that Jehovah is a covenant-keeping God.

The Patience of the Strong.

Whether we view history in the large, or study some detailed incident like this of the plagues, we are given cause to marvel at the patience of the Omnipotent. Consider what God has borne at the hands of men. Behold how He has waited through the centuries in benign patience. Well could the Psalmist cry that "Jehovah is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." His course with Paraoh is His course throughout life. He gave this proud potentate one warning after another, opportunity for repentance succeeding opportunity.

He would have been justified in overwhelming Egypt with one swift, smashing blow; but, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities." Watching this duel we perceive the homely and yet lofty lesson that a proof of strength is patience. The wise know how to wait; the strong are the slowest to use their strength. It is the weak who are the impatient and the excitable. Children want everything done on the instant. The mature know what "in your patience ye shall win your souls." This quality is an attribute of the Infinite; and it should mark all who share His life.

The Side With the Big Guns.

Napoleon once cynically remarked that he noticed that heaven was usually on the side of the heaviest battalions. That was not true in Napoleon's case, nor has it been true in the long reach of human life. It is clear, however, that the invincible forces are on the side of heaven. While we watch Jehovah wielding great natural visitations, as a swordsman wields his weapon, we remember the resources of God He has many arrows in His quiver. Luther's song is true, "A mighty fortress is our God." Peer closely into life, and read on every page; "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

We miss the meaning of this great conflict unless we perceive that God is arrayed against wrong. Injustice, tyranny, greed, cruelty, all have to contend with heaven. This is the firm foundation upon which every worker for truth and for man plants his feet. "Except Jehovah keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." God makes common cause with the wronged and the suffering everywhere. Pharaoh was not fighting a hundred thousand slaves; he was fighting the Ruler of the universe.

This is the explanation for the great moral victories that stand as milestones down the centuries, clustering thick in our own day. It was but a few weeks ago that the Congo Reform Association officially disbanded, its work accomplished. Societies for the abolition of slavery have no longer any mission. The foot-binding society formed by foreigners in China has gone out of existence, counting itself no longer needed. The Anti-Opium League has done its work. Prison reform has won its great victories. Temperance has made such strides that we who are in the thick of the battle need to detach ourselves to understand how epochal is the progress that has been made. The world is growing better because God is on the side of truth and man's welfare, for "Right is right, since God is God,

And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

The Plagues of Pharaoh.

There were 10 plagues successively visited upon Egypt over a period of many weeks. They were in an ascending scale, and varied in form. They affected Egypt in personal comfort, in property welfare, in national estate, and then in the very structure of the family. The plagues in order were:

1. Water turned to blood.
2. Frogs.
3. Fleas.
4. Flies.
5. A murrian on the cattle.
6. Boils on the persons of the Egyptians.
7. A devastating hail.
8. Locusts.
9. Darkness.
10. The death of the first-born.

Some have almost doubted the justice and mercy of God, in reading this list of frightful visitations upon Egypt. The plagues carry us back to the truth, which is fundamental to the structure of the universe, that the sovereignty of God is the supreme consideration, and that nothing is so serious as sin against Him. Jehovah will go to all lengths to establish His truth and His supremacy. In the individual life and in society, God insists upon being God.

The Passed By.

After the first three plagues the chosen people were exempted. The peculiar poignancy of the visitation lay in the fact that God's people were passed by. The calamities were not natural and universal; they were aimed directly at Pharaoh and his people.

It is true that "the rain falls upon the just and the unjust." Nevertheless, there runs a line of division, which touches character between all the life of the godly and the ungodly. It is the alcoholics who first fall in war and disease. A Philadelphia surgeon said the other day that Quakers always make the best recovery from operations. That physiological fact runs straight back to the faith of the placid folk. The lowest rate anybody can secure in life insurance is given to ministers, whom all companies count the best risk. There is a sermon in that fact from the actuarial tables.

Visitations of nature do come upon the godly as upon the ungodly; but in the bearing of them we see how a line is drawn. And in plague and in poverty and in many kinds of calamity, the righteous escape where the wicked perish, because the very nature of righteousness is a shield and a defense, a weapon and a victory. God's own are the peculiar object of God's care.

BERGSON SUMS UP AMERICA

French Philosopher Speaks in Graceful Appreciation of His Visit.

New York Sun.

Professor Bergson's speech at the recent dinner of the Comite France-Amerique at Doyen's in the Champs Elysees was a charming synthesis of the impressions of the United States which he brought back with him after his visit there.

M. Bergson at the beginning of his address spoke almost enthusiastically of the climate of New York, against which he had been dolefully warned.

"About the supposed crudities of American life and the lack of artistic perception," he said, "I had certainly been misinformed. I must say that I found New York interesting to a fascinating degree and in certain respects beautiful.

"I say to you now, much as it may surprise some of you, that skyscrapers may be agreeable to look at, and that many of them are beautiful.

"It has always seemed to me that the fundamental element of the American spirit is idealistic, and I come back more firmly fixed in that view than before. Americans are socially idealistic. They are always full of sentiment, whether they confess it or not. They have a passionate curiosity as to everything which concerns the workings of the intellect—les choses de l'esprit; and above all they consider that life was given them in order to realize something that is as yet far beyond anything that has ever been realized.

Kansas City's new passenger station is to have a motion picture show to entertain persons waiting for trains.

A Poem Worth While

Youth.

What do they know of youth who still
 are young?
They but the singers of a golden
 song,
Who may not guess its worth or won-
 der—flung
Like largesse to the throng.
We only—young no longer, old so
 long—
Before its harmonies stand marveling—
Oh! we who listen—never they who
 sing.

Not for itself is beauty, but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent
 eyes;
And youth, which shed its glory lum-
 inous,
Gives ever in this wise:
Itself the joy it may not realize.
Only we know, who linger overlong,
Youth that is made of beauty and of
 song.

—By Theodosia Garrison, in Everybody's Magazine.

Water Flows Two Ways

THE United States geological survey has published a report containing the results of river flow measurements made during the year 1911 in the Hudson Bay and upper Mississippi River basins. Because the dividing line between the Mississippi River drainage basin and that of Hudson Bay is indefinite and in many places cannot be determined, the consideration of these two basins in connection with their water supplies and the uses that can be made of this resource must logically be taken up together. In fact, in northern Minnesota there is a great area of land so flat that its waters sometimes flow into Hudson Bay and sometimes into the Gulf of Mexico. There are times when certain lakes discharge at both ends, the northern outlet taking the flow through Red River or Rainy River into Lake Winnepeg and thence into Hudson Bay, while the southern outlet leads to the Mississippi.

The westernmost river covered by the report is St. Mary river, which rises in Montana, crosses the Canadian boundary and empties into the Saskatchewan. The other rivers are largely those of North Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin, although considerable information is contained concerning the rivers of Illinois and Iowa, which empty into the Mississippi.

The British in India

A note of alarm under the title "The Coming Catastrophe in India" is sounded in London Everyman. The article shows that British rule in India is unsympathetic and unjust, harsh and tyrannical politically, ruinous economically, and that it has done all that was possible to crush Indian initiative, to destroy Indian culture, to stunt Indian agriculture and manufacture, and to drive the wealth of the peninsula to Great Britain.

The article charges that the British as a nation since 1857 have looked down upon these peoples and treated them as inferior mortals, not recognizing that Hindustan is a land of noble races that have led the world in many departments of art, science, finance, morals, religion and industry, and are capable of even greater achievements in the future.

"India," says this article, "has been bled, and is bled today, by a drain of commercial produce to pay interest, home charges, remittances, military depots, etc., to Great Britain to an extent to account fully for the frightful impoverishment, for the plague and for the disease of poverty. The object of the British in India is to bribe as many capable Indians as they can by government posts and in other ways to support the system which is ruining their fellow-countrymen."

Must Go Through the Motions.

Tit-Bits.

Customer—"I say, Mr. Barber, I don't hear your scissors at work on my hair."

Barber (apologetically)—"There is very little hair on your head, sir."

Customer—"That makes no difference; I pay my money, and I want you to rattle the scissors on the bald place, just the same as if I had hair on it."

A Canadian electric light company employs a Chinese solicitor to introduce electric irons to the Celestial laundrymen.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

FRANK MILDMAY. By Captain Marryat.

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FRANK MILDMAY, 18 years old, midshipman on shore leave, quarrelled with his father and ran away from home. He stole a ride at the back of a travelling chaise. The postilion lashed him with the whip, forcing him to alight. Frank threw a stone at the postilion, knocking him from the saddle. The driverless horses bolted and Frank strolled unconcernedly along on his journey.

The midshipman soon reached an inn where a theatrical troupe was stopping. There, at sight, Frank fell in love with the "leading lady," a plump little actress named Eugenia.

To the inn came an elderly man carrying a girl in his arms. The old man was Squire Somerville, a friend of Frank's father. The girl was Emily, his beautiful daughter. Their chaise had just upset in a runaway and Emily had fainted. At a glance Frank took in the situation. Theirs was the chaise whose mishap he had caused by unhorsing the postilion.

He wisely refrained from mentioning his part in the accident. And he won Somerville's warm thanks by restoring Emily to her senses. Then the midshipman proceeded to fall in love with her.

"I have 18 shillings," he soliloquized. "And I am in love with two girls at once. There is no proportion between the demand and the supply."

Emily left the inn next day. Somerville, in gratitude for Frank's help, managed to reconcile the young man with his father. He even took Frank home with him to Somerville Hall for a visit that served to strengthen the midshipman's love for Emily.

But, when the visit ended, Frank went to look for Eugenia again. He found her. And in order to be near her he joined the company in which she was playing. His theatrical experience ended abruptly. For one night his father was in the audience. And next day Frank was packed off to his ship.

Just before the vessel sailed, Frank managed to see Eugenia once more. He did this by jumping overboard, under a hail of bullets from the sentries, and swimming two miles to shore for a farewell with the actress. He got back to his ship in time and his disobedience was forgiven.

For a long time Frank was at sea, and he bore himself bravely in England's battles, returning to pass the examination that made him a lieutenant. Then again he sought Eugenia. But she was not to be found. She had left the company and had vanished, leaving a loving message for Frank.

The latter promptly forgot her. For, going to Somerville Hall, he paid such ardent court to Emily that in a short time they were engaged. After another long voyage the engagement was announced. But Somerville would not hear of a wedding until Frank should receive a commission as "commander." That meant another year of waiting.

At the end of the year Mildmay left his ship at Bordeaux and hastened home to Emily. But on the way he went one night to the theatre. Then, in a box, he saw Eugenia. She was overjoyed to meet him again, and explained she had disappeared in order not to be a drag on his career.

She had recently inherited a little fortune and was living under the name of "Madame Rosenberg." Frank persuaded her to rent a cottage near Somerville Hall, so that he might often see her. Then he continued his journey to the hall.

Arrangements for the wedding were almost completed when one day Frank called at Eugenia's cottage. And then Emily came upon them as they stood together near the gate. Emily, with quick intuition, guessed something was amiss. A few questions taught her the whole story. She angrily dismissed her lover.

Frank went to Paris, where he hurled himself into dissipation in an effort to forget his loss. After a few months came news of Eugenia's death. Frank returned to England, full of remorse. But remorse is a flame that quickly fades. Before long his peace was made with Somervilles. He won Emily's forgiveness and her hand.

VARIETIES

The average watch is composed of 175 pieces.

Missouri's 1912 wool crop yielded $1,856,250.

Postal savings deposits amount to $28,000,000.

Cancer yearly causes 75,000 deaths in the United States.

The United States produces about 88 per cent of the world's oysters.

Japanese constitute 41 per cent of the population of Hawaii.

Argentina is to import 800 goats for a new milk supply.

The value of farm animals in this country last year was $5,008,149,600.

A Spanish prison expert is in this country studying our prison system.

More than half of the population of Cuba is found in the rural districts.

Iron ore mined in 1912 in the United States amounted to 55,150,147 long tons.

The graphite deposits of Madagascar are to be exploited by a French company.

There are 20,000 kinds of butterflies in the world.

There are 12,000 miles of paved streets within London's police area.

Germany has more than 65,000,000 people living in an area less than that of Texas.

It takes the constant labor of 60,000 persons to make matches for the world.

Pomerania in 1912 grew 1,017,8 tons of sugar beets. West Prussia produced 1,092,867 tons.

Recent corrections in maps of Greenland have added about 150,000 square miles to its area.

Almost 1,000,000 tourists visit the Alps each year, of whom about 24 meet with fatal accidents.

A century ago there were in all Europe only 22 cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants.

At present there are only two herds of wild buffalo in this country. There are two or three other herds in semi-captivity.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has acquired the Macomber collection of Chinese pottery, the finest in the world.

It is estimated that there are at least 2,000,000 gasoline or oil engines at work on the farms of the United States.

Last year Algeria sent to the United States brierwood valued at about $68,000, goatskins at $61,000, rags $21,000 and wine worth $6,000.

The stamps of Persia show the lion and the sun—the lion as a symbol of power and the sun as an enblem of the ancient fire worship of the Persians.

A natural cave near Marshall, Ark., is used as a cold storage warehouse for potatoes, the temperature constantly remaining between 42 and 53 degrees.

A grass native to India has proved so good for paper pulp that 50,000 tons of it are being used annually for that purpose.

Ever since 1907 there has been a steady yearly increase in the value of the gold output of the Kolondike region, the figures for 1912 being $5,225,235.

Breeding cattle and horses from South Africa have been sent to Cuba by an English ranch owner there, who will experiment with crossing them with American stock.

According to official statistics covering the whole of the German empire, the employers' organizations now number 132,458 members, covering 4,378,275 workers of both sexes.

The sanitation of the city of Jerusalem which is being effected at the expense of an American millionaire, has greatly reduced the prevalence of malaria and other diseases in the Holy City.

High speed telegraph apparatus invented by a Hungarian utilizes a keyboard like a typewriter for sending and reproduces the messages in letters like ordinary handwriting.

A new English life buoy carries two incandescent lamps on each side, supplied with current by a storage battery, which is switched on automatically as the buoy is lifted from a rack.

The newer German airships will carry crews of 15 men, two machine guns and several tons of explosives and will be able to remain in the air for 60 hours without alighting.

The kaiser's pet hobby is the collecting of ties. He is said to have more than 5,000 stored and catalogued, ranging from cotton ones in purples and yellows that would startle a plowboy to the costliest specimens of embroidered cravats.

Farmers around Quebec are to raise great quantities of potatoes this year, expecting an increased demand. Buyers have been gathering every available bushel for shipment to Cuba and New England.

By mixing a carborundum with concrete a Paris architect succeeded in building a stairway in a public building that seems to defy wear, despite its use by thousands of persons daily.

Sidon oval blood oranges from Palestine are the most prized in the world, according to a firm of fruit brokers in Liverpool, which is now importing nearly a million boxes of oranges into England.

Newfoundland is now regarded as one of the most promising futrue sources of supply of petroleum within the British empire. There are oil indications for 200 miles along the west coast.

In Seville, the chief seaport of southern Spain, flour costs nearly $10 a barrel at retail in small quantities, but oranges are less than a cent apiece. Ham averages about 40 cents a pound and sugar 9 cents.

In the southern states alone negroes are proprietors of 10,000 general stores, 300 pharmacies and 57 banking institutions. In the entire country they own 20,000,000 acres of land and more than 600,000 houses.

According to the report submitted to the annual meeting of the Durban (South Africa) Chamber of Commerce, on April 15, there were 12 whaling companies at work during the year 1912 on the south and east coasts of Africa, mostly on the east coast. The five Natal companies captured 984 whales last year.

Everyone who has collected stamps must have noticed the absence of sovereigns' heads from those of Turkey. That this is so is due to the fact that Mohammedans think a representation of the human face or figure unlawful. Therefore Turkish stamps carry the crescent, which the Turks borrowed from the Byzantines after the fall of Constantinople. They also used a complicated, arbitrary sign, supposed to be the signature of the sultan.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

SUGGESTIONS WANTED

By Martha Holden.

onstant Reader asks for ideas for irl's club; she does not say for at they have organized, but pre- mably it is for pleasure and self- p.

know one club of girls who bring ir sewing, while one reads aloud. ey have read the Life of Alice eeman Palmer, which is an inspira- n of deepest value to all young erican womanhood. They hope t winter to read Life and Letters Louisa M. Alcott, as well as other graphies of noted women.

here is another club whose aim is lanthropy. They give a Christmas at every year to poor children, and d baskets of food to their fam- s. Still another group of young men teaches these children to sew, l has a patriotic society, or citizen- p class for the boys.

lmost any humane interest, home foreign missions, unfortunate chil- n, the organization of circulating raries for farm homes, domestic ence in its many phases, any of se are noble themes on which to ld a girls' club motive.

peaking of domestic science and development in club work, a wom- remarked to me the other day:

Do you know that farmers' wives the poorest cooks in the world?"

began to get ready to deny this, some of my best meals have been en at farm tables. Then I reflected t some of my poorest had, too.

t is probably true, that the aver- busy farmer's wife has less time devote to the careful preparation foodstuffs, than women of the ns. The farmer's wife has so ch cleaning to do—milk and butter and their attendant work; so much baking and canning, that actual cooking seems almost an unimportant part of the daily routine.

We all know the old-fashioned farm table with six kinds of preserves, honey, three kinds of pickles, two kinds of pie and the stir cake, hastily beaten up after the visitors horse's head had turned into the lane.

But farmers' wives are intelligent, progressive women. They are no longer guilty of this bad taste in the setting forth of their tables.

The chemistry of food now enters into the cooking calculation, and the result is better teeth, better stomachs and better dispositions for their children.

Bread thoroughly baked, pie crust made with care, biscuit of dainty shape and snowy whiteness; these are some of the reforms which domestic science has wrought.

No better work for a girls' club can be found than a year devoted to a study of the chemistry of foods; the assembling of well-balanced and well-cooked viands.

One of the greatest aids to the cause of temperance is a satisfying table. One where the proper food elements are intelligently blended, so that hunger is appeased, and no further craving for stimulants ensues.

The home and its interests should be every girl's chief study. Whether she marries or not, she must of necessity ever be a home maker of some sort, and she can't know her business too well.

Will Peace Page readers not send some ideas for Constant Reader's proposed club? She is one of a group of 16-year-old girls.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.
Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

ONOMY

ohn R. Board of Kentucky writes: ontend that about the worst thing have confronting us today is van- which makes us try to live in grand le when we are unable to do it. we economize there is a good liv- for all. If we have plenty let us nd it to good advantage, but if have little we should spend little."

The above reminds me of an item ich I just read in an almanac nted in the year 1831; perhaps you uld like the opinion of the people years ago upon this same subject, I will send it in:

The people of this country have ome giddy with prosperity. When Europe was engaged in permanent rs, and the whole transatlantic ernment was locked up by Napol- n's continental system against the glish commerce and navigation, we, enterprising neutrals, enjoyed for rs, means of prosperity unparal- ed in the records of the world. Our rchants were the favored agents all mankind. We enjoyed profound ace, and were the welcome minis- ing spirits of a world in arms. The nsequence was that we fell into h lofty ideas of accumulating our alth, as to become unsuited to a gar measure of prosperity. We be- me extravagant as a nation, not ly in our notions of acquiring alth, but in squandering it away. e are in fact the most prodigal ople in the world. It is a fact well own, by those who have had an portunity of personal observation, at the people of the old countries e far more economical than our ople. It is a fundamental princi- e with them generally to measure eir experiences by their income and live within bounds. Such is not the neral rule among us. We rather ok to our neighbors for the rule our expenses; we are horror struck the very idea of appearing a whit hind our neighbors in the display wealth. This is a much more ex- nsive cause of ruin than any actual nt of good times." The author of e above article did not sign his me, but I think he had a clearer a of the cause for the high cost living than the people of today. e item entitled "Want of Econ- y," reminds me of the maxim; conomy is the easy chair of old e." There will be few chairs by e time that the people reach old e, at the rate they are spending.— ana of N. Y.

OME IS BEST

Yesterday was the "Glorious urth," but it was spent in a safe d sane way through our neighbor- od, for the folks in general were home. Strange, isn't it, that rack- and roar constitute some people's a of patriotism? Our state cele- ated its fiftieth milestone along e's highway the 20th of June. We e made giant strides along the ad of progress in that time, but yet we have only started. How ny of the household mothers get write a letter from start to finish thout stopping to spread a "piece" bread and butter, or taking up e baby for a play and to try un- llingly to put him to sleep. Al- ady I've stopped to separate year- John from a pan of water that s affording him untold delight. our children are as fond of water ducks, and the number of baths y help themselves to daily depends on the heat of the day and ir willingness to wait on them- ves.

For the baby we put in a table- onful of soda in the water, pow- r him all over; and it doesn't take g to dress him as he wears few rments.

We have no fruit to speak of rough this section of country. We ve considerable left from last year's ntiful supply, but what are we ing to do with all these empty s? We do not even have berries. noticed a letter from Mrs. Nan art of Illinois not long ago. I am joying a correspondence with her. r corner gets more interesting, or rhaps I appreciate it more—Nellie N. W. Va.

OME REQUESTS ANSWERED

eing a request for letters from lifornia, I thought I would answer few requests that have not been swered yet. If Mrs. G. W. B. of Pa. will go to a furniture store and get a can of 'varnish remover" and apply with a flat brush, letting it remain till the paint is softened, then scrape off with putty knife, afterwarfd giving the woodwork a good rubbing with a cloth wet with turpentine to remove any small particles of the paint. I think she will find her oak woodwork ready for any kind of finish. The turpentine must be applied as soon as the paint is scraped off.

J. H. M., this is the way we make raisins in California. I know of only three varieties used for raisins: Thompson's Seedless, Sultanas and Muscats. The grapes are clipped from the vines with a small curved bladed knife, called a grape "hook." They are spread in bunches on trays to dry and the sun "does the rest." Where the sun is not so drying and the air more moist they should be dipped in hot lye water strong enough to split the skin and then in clear water and placed in the sun to dry. When dry pick from stems and put in a cloth sack and keep watch of them that they are dry enough not to mold.

Mrs. T., Kalkaska, Mich., asks on Farmstead page, how to can sardines and salmon. I don't know about the former, but here is the way to can salmon: Slice the salmon as for present use, salt to taste and pack into glass jars with a small wooden maul until within an inch of the top, and turn back a little; put a slat frame in bottom of boiler so jars will not touch and put a little straw or cloth between to keep them from striking together when boiling. Put cold water in to fill about three-fourths of the way up the sides of the jars. Place over the fire and bring to a boil and boil steadily for three hours. Replenish the water from kettle as it evaporates. At the end of the three hours remove jars carefully. Keep from any air or draft; tighten lids, and when cool keep in a cool place. Wrap jars in paper to exclude light. The long boiling softens the bone. Beef may be canned in the same way, but unless young, requires longer cooking. Be very careful to let no water get into the jars.—Frenchy, of Calif.

Let us have the promised Golden State letter soon.—. H.

The Voice of the Flowers

One day I said to the flowers, "Tell me who you are." What a confusion of happy voices. They all spoke at once. From mountain and valley, from river bank and dewy dell, from wayside and hillside, from jardiniere and garden plot, from many lands and many climes, came sweet harmonies. And this was their message to me:

"Who are we? You must know us, for you see us everywhere, in the windows of the poor and the gardens of the rich; in the park and in the wildwood. A flowerless world would be like a sunless day or a starless night. You consciously or unconsciously feel our beauty and purity.

"We are rainbows of promise and cheer—products of the artist's brush when dipped in sunlight and shower—weapons of light and love, putting to flight the demons of darkness and woe.

"We are angels of mercy to whom you must give wings. We utter the unuttered thoughts of lovers, and the voice of the flowers rings true. Our coming tolls the knell of winter, for the resurrection of the flowers marks its final judgment day.

"We gladden the heart and fill the hands of romping children, and grace the bridal train with added beauty. We cover the marriage altar and fill the banquet hall with cheerful coloring emblemed wreath and festooned thought.

"We enter the room of the sick and the dying.

"We speak the deepest language of your inmost soul, and with such speech call forth the deep love of other hearts. Our presence purifies and glorifies childhood, youth and age.

"Upon the soldier's grave we keep alive sweet memories, and speak undying love and loyalty to God, to home and to our country's flag. Ofttimes baptized with tears, we tell of hearts, which, like the broken alabaster box, pour forth the sweetest ointment.

"We cover the casket of death. We veil the horror of the grave, and breathe the promise of the life that is beyond. The voice of the flowers rings true."—W. H. Jordan.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

The great lesson to be learned is that happiness is within us. No passing amusement, no companionship, no material possession can permanently satisfy. We must hoard up our own strength. We must make or mar our own tranquility.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Our Correspondents

Mrs. M. R. writes that she "can never more be happy" since death has claimed one of her children.

After a loss of some loved one by death, life seems so changed, so empty, so trivial compared with the fact of nature which has been encountered. Ever after the ghost of Sorrow walks beside you. If you would make that companionship profitable, you must transform the specter into the spirit of somebody's pleasure. Try each day to think what happiness you can bring to someone else; whenever your own grief tempts you, try to forget it in an unselfish task, and before you know it the ghost will be so far behind in the shadows of your forgotten despair that you will not feel his presence. I have a friend who lost her only daughter, a beautiful girl of 17 years. It meant the end of a mother's hopes and ambitions, but not the end of a mother's love. The poor, stricken woman immediately found a girl less fortunate to whom she gave the pretty clothes. This girl was given also the education which her own parents' means could not have furnished, and was further prepared to be a joy to those about her. The bereaved mother now lives for those about her, and is, in spite of her heavy sorrow, a happy woman.—M. H.

G. W. Racey, of Shawanee, Tenn., writes that he is one of the original M. G. Rs., whose name was not published in the list sent by Olive Branch. Let us hear from all the "originals," even if you didn't make the homecoming number.

Mr. Racey has read The Blade since 1865. He wishes post cards.

Please tell that Boy of Bethlehem, Pa., that he had better read carefully the 13th, 14th and 15th verses of the sixth chapter of Genesis. They nearly answer his riddle. He has one word of three different letters, and one letter "s" added to a word of six letters. But he is but one of our old-young boys—only threescore and ten—and bashful; won't tell where he lives, while poor young I was running a threshing machine in Welling county, Ont., when he was born, but love to read the Peace Page as well as the rest of The Blade. Was sorry to lose "Elizabeth," and "How is it ye are?" "Jonah and the whale" is an old residenter. Now and again in the Peace Page I see an old timer, such as The Old Oaken Bucket, Nellie Grey, Young Lochinvar. Makes old-young times come to mind.—G. C., Alabama.

Black Eyes of N. C. writes of her work for a family of five sweet little children and a good husband. They live in the mountains, where they have plenty of good water, fresh air and berries. Black Eyes will write on the subject of stepmothers next time.

Mothers' Day I had the pleasure of hearing one of the most beautiful, most appealing sermons I have ever heard. The minister wished to bring out the fact that a mother's love was the strongest love in the world; that it was sacred and it is akin to God's love. He did so by personifying mother's love in a fable, thus:

God sent an angel from heaven to find the three most beautiful and most sacred things in this world and bring them home. The angel seeing a perfect rose selected it. Next he took a baby's smile, but last of all he took a mother's love. Before he got to heaven the rose had faded and the baby had grown to a youth, so the angel, with all of his careful selecting, could take only the mother's love home.—Hazel F. Martin, Kansas City, Kan.

Mrs. Dora A. Belch, Southport, Ind., desires immediate information regarding a sleeping tent suitable for use the year round by a person with weak lungs.

Mrs. A. M. Costi, Luiscott, Neb., hurt in an auto accident, is now convalescent, and cards are asked for her.

Flora Pearl Hamilton, Plummer Landing, Ky., asks cards.

Will some reader of The Blade that has a copy of the old book called Michigan in the War and has no further use for it now kindly write me your name and address in full in Peace Page to me. I was a soldier in Michigan Sixth Heavy Artillery, Co. I, and would like to have one. I will pay the postage on it and will be very thankful to you. Oblige a Grand Army boy.—C. L. Dickinson, Winterset, Iowa.

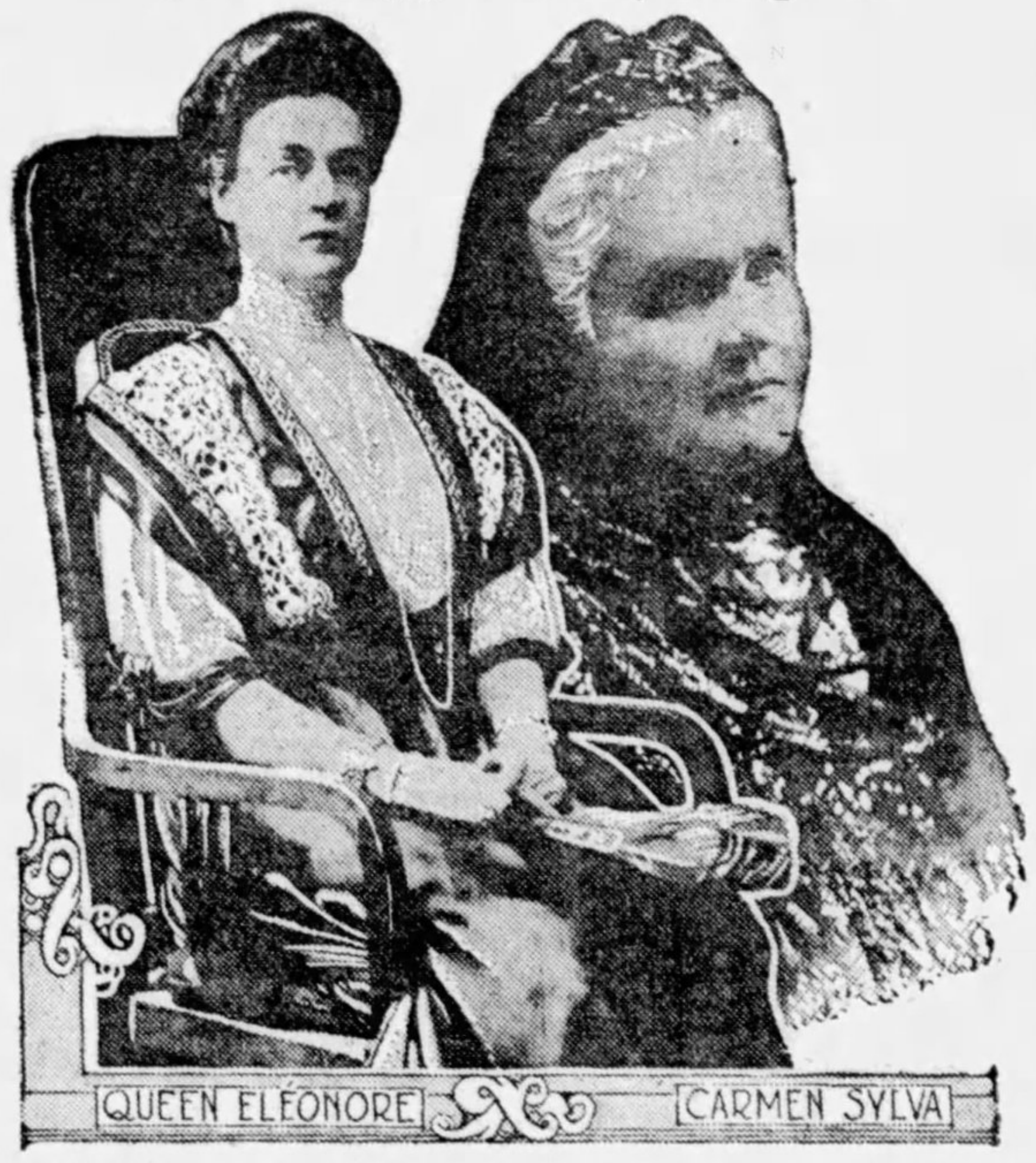
I wonder how many of the readers have a dear old lady living close. I have. She spends the afternoon with me almost every week. I told her the last time she was here when she was leaving, "You grandmas all think you aren't of much good in the world, but you have done me so much good." She laughed and said, "I am so glad I am of some good." Well, let us all do something for the old. They will soon be gone and we will be just where they are. May God bless them. To the little poor farmer, too bad you haven't a mamma or papa. You will be a big power some day, doing wondrous things. Don't forget to write "Busy" and let us know how you keep those boys and girls busy.—A North Dakotain.

OUR COOK BOOK

Cucumber Pickles — Pick the cucumbers when very small and let stand in weak salt water over night; change next morning into vinegar not very strong. Place on stove and heat through, and to this add ¼ cup of sugar to each quart and seal; have liquid to cover cucumbers.—Mrs. C. R.

Boiled Catsup—1 gallon ripe tomatoes, boiled, strained through sieve and boiled down thick; add 1 1-3 cups vinegar, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls salt, 1 level teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ level teaspoonful cloves, 1 level teaspoonful black pepper. This makes about three pints and is not very peppery.

Queen Begged Mercy of Queen


QUEEN ELEONORE CARMEN SYLVA

The unusual spectacle of a queen pleading with a queen was the most striking recent development of the troubles in the Balkans. Queen Eleanore of Bulgaria sent a telegraphic appeal to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania asking that the advance of the Roumanian troops into Bulgaria be stopped. To this Queen Elizabeth replied that the soldiers would continue to advance, "but with consideration." The plea that the advance on Sofia be halted was made on the strength of charges that the Roumanian troops had been guilty of startling atrocities. King Ferdinand married Queen Eleanore in 1908. She is a princess of the Reuss house. Her majesty had personal supervision of the commissary and hospital departments during the campaign against the Turks. She inspected supplies as she went to the front and organized relief for the families of the soldiers killed or disabled in the fighting. Queen Elizabeth has written several novels and volumes of poetry under her pen name, Carmen Sylva. She is 69 years old.

HOUSEHOLD

Will some one kindly give a receipt for putting up cucumber pickles so that they may be firm and green?

Keep grained wood fresh by washing it with cold tea.

Keep a marble in the kettle to prevent it from purring.

Wash all flat irons with soda and water before putting them over the fire to heat.

Mix a little paraffine in the blacking to increase the brightness of the polish.

Red vaseline applied daily with a small camel's hair brush will darken and increase the growth of both eyelashes and eyebrows.

If a pancake griddle must be kept hot for late comers, slip it into the oven, close the door, and when the griddle is needed it is hot.

An easy way to crumb bread is to put it in a muslin bag, an empty salt sack, for instance, and then, unless it is too hard and dry, it can be squeezed between the fingers and quickly crumbled without any waste.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

THE FLAG

In a late Blade I read with pleasure an article regarding Barbara Frietchie. It is rather strange that there has not been a monument erected in honor of her brave act, not that it is needed to cause her to be remembered, for Whittier immortalized her in those stirring lines, and also he gave due credit to "Stonewall Jackson." It has often occurred to me that her attitude towards the nation's flag should also be that of all of us who love our country; and children should be taught its origin, its history, also to respect and love our banner. I have been told that in many other countries whose modes of government are not so good or lenient as ours toward their subjects, still there is more reverence shown their flags than we as a nation show toward ours.—R. R. B., N. C.

VALLEY OF WYOMING

Many times have I been tempted to knock for admittance to the Peace Page, but never mustered the required resolution until this morning when I saw a letter from Mrs. E. M. S., of Williamette Valley, Oregon, who expressed a wish to hear from the home of her early childhood. Wyoming valley is indeed an historic spot, and rich in all that prompts mankind to effort. Its broad stretches of fertile soil are now covered with a mingling of artificial beauty and a remnant of nature's artistic handiwork, while the mountains surrounding it, are much in appearance as nature formed them, with here and there a clearing that adds variety to the many shades of verdure. The Susquehanna river enters at the northern extremity, through a defile in the mountain and flows in a meandering course the entire length of the valley, with here and there an island, some of which are noted for their legends. Forty Fort, located in the town bearing that name; Fort Jenkins at West Pittston, Queen Hester's Rock and the monument at Wyoming, all are notable features of history. Campbell's Ledge, forming the eastern side of the gorge, where the river enters the valley, is a formation of gray rock that rises to a perpendicular height, 140 feet from a bench at its base. Legend has it a man named Campbell, who was chased by the Indians and despaired of escape, jumped from the top of these towering rocks rather than fall into the hands of his foes.—A. W. D., Pittstown, Pa.

EAST TENNESSEE GIRL

I have been reading your letters with interest for some time. I like the idea of our writing letters from the different states, giving descriptions of our country and customs, whereby we may all gain information. I live in the valley of east Tennessee, 65 miles north of Chattanooga. We have always lived on a farm more or less, I prefer the country life to the city. I attend school on the very top of Walden's ridge. The mountain scenery near the campus is grand. The school is run by the American Missionary Association. I will finish there this year. The course of study covers the twelfth grade.—East Tennessee Girl.

FROM NEW YORK STATE

I am a girl of 15 summers from New York state. I live in the country and have lived here all my life. I think the country around here very pretty, especially in the good old summer time, when the grain, grass and trees are green and the roses and other flowers are in bloom.

Now for my hobby, which is drawing and music. Also I like very much to play baseball and I would like to hear from the girl who said "her hobby was baseball." I have played ball many a time and think no game equal to it. I would like to hear from girls from 15 to 18 years of age.—Blue Eyes from N. Y.

TWO BIRTHDAYS

My parents have taken The Blade for many years. I have been reading the Peace Page for quite a while and like it very much. My father is a farmer. I like farm life. My hobbies are books, flowers and music. I go to school. Last winter I never missed a day and received a certificate in honor of perfect attendance. I have gone to school two terms this summer and passed my first examination this year. I read in The Blade where the M. G. R. would celebrate is 20th anniversary, July 24. As this date is my twentieth birthday I would like a post card shower from all The Blade readers. Wishing The Blade and its many readers success I will close. I will sign my name.—Dorcas M. Reynolds, Fair Plain, W. Va.

FROM NEW YORK STATE

I would like to drop in and have a little chat with you all for a few minutes. I like the Peace Page very much and would like to help keep it up. I live on a farm in western New York and the weather this spring has been very cold for the season, but now it has changed and for a few days back has been very warm. I like farm life and would much rather live on the farm than in the city. The crops look pretty well around here now, but the late severe frosts this spring did much damage to the fruit and many trees that were loaded with fruit last year are completely bare this year.

I, like another girl, had a grandfather in the war. He was wounded and never recovered entirely, finally dying from the effects of it. I also had an uncle who spent many weary days in the hospital, where he, too, finally passed away. I have a great uncle, 83 years old, who takes The Blade and enjoys it greatly.—Miss R. B. C., N. Y.

FROM COLORADO

Dear Friends—I want to ride a bit on the merry-go-round, as I haven't written for quite awhile, while most every week in going over the Peace Page I see some letter which impresses me I should write. I live in Colorado. A fine climate; plenty of fruit this year, fine sport, hunting and fishing; also a great farm country, worked by irrigation. I killed a fine deer last fall. It is at present warm here in the valley, but snow and ice can be seen on Pike's and Spanish peaks. I was amused to read the letter in a recent issue from a Boy at Freeport, W. Va. While I am now in Colorado, I have fished off of the mill dam at Freeport. Success to The Blade and its readers.—E. J. S., Colo.

Write us a longer Colorado letter.—M. H.

ADDRESSES WANTED

Anna Rhodes, of Indiana, who wrote to The Blade about two years ago.

Curtin Hoover, formerly of Vintondale, Pa.

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:
All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

Uncle Josh Kills a Snake.

One day Will Swancutt told me that when coming through my pasture he saw two big rattlesnakes and that he killed one and the other got in a hole in the ground, and that he wanted a spade and me to go and dig him out. So he took the spade and I took a smart steel trap. The hole was about as large as one which a whicker picks in a rotten stump for a nest. When he began to dig I was afraid that he would fill up the hole with loose dirt, and we would not dare to put our hands in to get the dirt out to see which way it angled. It was straight for two feet then it angled. It was in an old prairie dog town and the ground had a great many holes. I had killed off the dogs with strychnined corn—more than a thousand—then we dug a hole a foot deep and a foot wide and left the snake's hole open. I took my trap and set it and turned it over and put it right over the hole and fastened it with a liarat pin, then we left. The next day after dinner I went to see my trap and there the trap had him about 10 or 12 inches back of his head. He was fast, but, oh, my, he was mad! I had a dead limb off a cottonwood tree with the bark off, about as big as a man's thumb, and three feet long. So we began the fight; he to bite me or scare me away, and I to kill him. He kept striking and biting and I kept prodding and punching. I could not get a blow at him, he was down in that hole that we dug. I tried to jam my stick in his mouth; he kept jumping and spitting. After a little while I got the blood flowing quite freely from his mouth. I got him quieted down so I dare put my hand in and pull the liarat pin and pull him out on the buffalo grass and kill him. He was three and one-half feet long and had nine rattles. They have an extra rattle every time they shed their skin. I cut the rattles off and took them to the house and put them in a glass dish where I have a great many more that I am keeping to show you when you come to see me. —Uncle Josh, of Nebraska.

A War Story.

I am a girl 13 years old, and a reader of The Blade. I graduated from common school this spring, and will start to high school in the autumn. My grandpa was a corporal in the Eighth cavalry, Thirty-ninth regiment, Indiana volunteers. He is 72 years old. His comrades tell this and other stories on him. When they were on the march from Corinth to Huntsville, he threw his coat at a young negro to frighten him. The negro picked up the coat, said, "Thank you, massa," and took to his heels. Grandpa has taken The Blade 38 or 39 years, and has gotten up a club nearly every year.

Will the boys and girls of The Blade, whose birthday comes July 3, please send me a card. I would like to know how many twin brothers and sisters I have.—June Turner, Walton, Ind., R. R. No. 16.

Southern Soldier's Granddaughter.

I am 14 years old and I stay the most of my time with my grandparents. I help grandma cook and other things, as you know there is a great many things to do in a house. My grandpa was a southern soldier in the war of 1864. Grandpa keeps a grocery store. There are about 12 houses in the village of Freeport. I would like to exchange cards with The Blade boys and girls. My birthday is the 14th day of October.—Beatrice Collums, Walker, W. Va., R. F. D. No. 1.

A Good Favorite.

I am a small girl 10 years old and my favorite is a poem which I hope to see in print:

"Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds, but let them happy live
And do not seek to take the life which you can never give.
If God should ask where are my birds, the pretty birds I made;
I could not answer him in words, for I should be afraid.'

I would like to exchange cards with boys and girls.—Clara Hallman, Alum Rock, Pa., R. F. D. No. 1.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Grace Halman's riddle (a watermelon) is answered by Hazel Fisher, Smithville, West Va., who wants Grace to write her.

Bessie D. Ford, Route 2, Box 60, Hilling, Va., asks cards.

My hobby is vocal music. I am forever whistling or singing. They say girls shouldn't whistle, but that rule must exclude me.—Charlotte Clifton, Sauk Rapids, Minn.

BROWN Wants More Boys To Learn Pitching FREE

BROWN the greatest pitcher in the world.

BROWN teaching boy how to stand.

Doesn't cost one cent to learn how to be a pitcher like Brown, Mathewson, or Walsh. We say FREE because we mean FREE. Brown will teach you by his new method so you can learn baseball — no matter where you live. Be one of Brown's personal pupils and soon be star pitcher of your team — the "boy wonder" who fans batters with sensational big league curves and terrible speed—but never a sore arm.

Just Send Your Name and Address Now

Learn all this FREE from the greatest professional pitcher in the world—how to burn over those deadly hook-curves — jumping spit-balls—vicious fade-aways — besides the outcurve, incurve, drop, outdrop, etc.—every curve made easy for you. Start taking Brown's lessons at once It doesn't cost you a cent. Just a little easy work in spare time. He starts right in training you at once. This is the same great Brown who won four championships and two world's series for the Chicago Cubs. The time of this offer is limited. We'd use a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Boys who have the keenness to find this small advertisement to read it, and answer it are just the boys we favor. So send us your name and address and join Brown's special class—NOW.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 182 Chicago, Ill.

POETS' CORNER

A RAJPUT LOVE SONG

By Sarojini Naidu.

(Parvati at her lattice.)

O Love! were you a basil-wreath to twine among my tresses,
A jeweled clasp of shining gold to bind around my sleeve,
O Love! were you the keora's soul that haunts my silken raiment,
A bright vermilion tassel in the girdles that I weave;

O Love! were you the scented fan that lies upon my pillow,
A sandal lute, or silver lamp that burns before my shrine,
Why should I fear the jealous dawn that spreads with cruel laughter
Sad veils of separation between your face and mine?

Haste, O wild-bee hours to the gardens of the sunset!
Fly, wild-parrot day to the orchards of the west!
Come, O tender night, with your consoling darkness,
And bring me my beloved to the shelter of my breast!

(Amar Singh in the saddle.)

O Love were you the hooded hawk upon my hand that flutters,
Its collar-band of gleaming bells atinkle as I ride,
O Love! were you a turban-spray or floating heron-feather,
The radiant, swift, unconquered sword that swingeth at my side;

O Love, were you a shield against the arrows of my foemen,
An amulet of jade against the perils of the way,
How should the drum-beats of the dawn divide me from your bosom,
Or the union of the midnight be ended with the day?

Haste, O wild-deer hours, to the meadows of the sunset!
Fly, wild-stallion day, to the pastures of the west!
Come, O tranquil night, with your soft, consenting darkness,
And bear me to the fragrance of my Beloved's breast!

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY!

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
Watch closely, as in other men you note
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat;
Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you
And try to make your estimate ring true.
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did did not know;
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice, condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then—with eyes unveiling to what you loathe—
To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe,
Back to yourself, walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below,
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link,
When you with "he" as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

O LITTLE MOTHER OF MINE

Walter H. Brown.

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour
When the shadows creep from the west,
I think of the twilight song you sang
And the boy you lulled to rest;
The wee little boy with the tousled head,
That long, long ago was thine;
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,
Oh, little mother of mine!

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the lad
Whom you lulled with your slumber song.
The years have altered the form and the life,
But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only the boy as of old,
O little mother of mine!

LOVE

Blackeney Grey.

Oh, Love is a guest that will kill all care,
And Love is immune to all dark despair;
And Love is a cure for lack of gold;
And Love is a screen from the winter's cold.
And Love is the source of a golden stream
That lightens the soul with a lustrous gleam—
Where Love is a guest
There will come no fear,
And the darkest ways
Are the roads to cheer!

THE WONDERFUL SOMETHING

There's a Something that maketh a palace
Out of four little walls and a prayer.
A Something that seeth a garden
In one little flower that is fair;
That tuneth two hearts to one purpose
And maketh one heart of two;
That smiles when the sky is a gray one
And smiles when the sky is blue.

Without it no garden hath fragrance,
Thouh it holdeth the wide world's blooms;
Without it a palace a prison
With cells for banqueting rooms;
This Something that halloweth sorrow
And stealeth the sting from care;
This Something that maketh a palace
Out of four little walls and a prayer.

DAYBREAK

Henry W. Longfellow.

A wind came up out of the sea
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships and cried "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying "Awake, it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout, belfry tower,
Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

POEMS WANTED

Mother, Home and Heaven.
Knee Deep in June.
Goodbye Betty Brown.
Order for a Picture.
The South Wind and the Sun Rainbow.
Lady Clara Vere de Vere.
The Recessional.
The Home of the Soul Is for You and for Me.
Silent Voices.
True Greatness.
Nancy Lee.
A Soldier Returned From the War.

Inquiry is made for Darius Green and the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay. I'm afraid these two are too long for the corner, but if some kind friend will copy them, I will forward to the one requesting them.

WHERE THE SILV'RY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY

The twilight softly gathers 'round my home among the hills,
And all nature soon will settle down to rest,
While I sit and sadly ponder and my heart with longing fills,
As I often think of one that I loved best;
We were wedded in the Junetime, and our hearts then knew no pain
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day.
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs and she'll ne'er come back again
Where the silv'ry Colorado wends its way.

Refrain.

There's a sob on ev'ry breeze, and a sigh comes from the trees
And the meadow lark now croons a sadder lay,
For the sunlight plays no more 'round my cheerless cabin door,
Where the silv'ry Colorado wends its way.

The silv'ry snow is gleaming on you distant mountain side
Where we often used to wander, Nell and I,
And the birds are gaily singing in the valley far below
Where I long some day to lay me down and die.
Then our lives were gay and happy, in the shadow of the hills,
My heart beat fonder for her day by day,
And I feel her presence near me as I sit alone tonight
Where the silv'ry Colorado wends its way.

LEAN UPON MY ARM, MOTHER

Pray lean upon my arm, mother,
Your form is feeble now,
And silvery are the locks that shade
The furrows on your brow.

Your step is not so strong, mother,
As in the days gone by,
But strong as ever is the love
That beams within your eye.

When I was but a babe, mother,
With tender love inspired,
You carried me for many an hour,
Until your arms were tired.

From childhood up to manhood's years,
Through every pain and ill,
You watched me with a loving eye,
You watched my welfare still.

And shall I fail you, now, mother,
When all your strength has fled?
Neglect to guide your feeble steps
As through life's vale you tread?

Your eyes are dim with age, mother
Care's lines are on your brow,
The little feet you guided once
Are strong to guide you now.

Then lean upon my arm, mother,
Henceforth life's journey through,
What you did so long for him
Your boy will do for you.

BOOK OF LIFE

A. U. Mayfield, in Denver News.

You are writing a book, my brother,
While passing along the way;
The proofs are coming up to you—
'Twill go to press some day.

This book is called the Book of Life,
Filled with deeds you've done;
The good and bad's recorded there—
It started when life begun.

Some are the pages of love—
Of deeds of kindness shown,
Of sweetest perfumed flowers
Along the pathway strown.

Oh, then be careful what you write,
Be prudent, kind and wise,
For when the book goes onto press
No one may then revise.

Then write your book with zealous care,
Weave garlands for the crown
To place upon the hero's head
When he with Christ sits down.

THE TEACHER

Robert J. Burdette, in Pacific Baptist.

Dear Teacher, patient with our childish ways,
Teach us the common things of common days;
While careless hands the dog-eared pages turn,
Teach us the easy things, so hard to learn.
The Truth—that needs no learning to declare,
Pure, white-souled Truth, than noonday sun more fair;
And Faith—that midst all doubts and fears and woes,
Sings on the children's lips—"Well—Teacher knows!"
And love—that hath ten million times been told;
Love—that is older than the world is old;
Love—that will live when all the worlds are dead.
When these great little lessons have been said,
Then heaven and earth in one great school will meet—
Learning old lessons at the Teacher's feet.

BLUE AND DISCOURAGED

Mrs. Hamilton Tells How She Finally Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Warren, Ind.—"I was bothered terribly with female weakness. I had pains and was not regular, my head ached all the time, I had bearing down pains and my back hurt me the biggest part of the time, I was dizzy and had weak feelings when I would stoop over, it hurt me to walk any distance and I felt blue and discouraged.

"I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now in good health. If it had not been for that medicine I would have been in my grave a long time ago."—Mrs. ARTIE E. HAMILTON, R.F.D. No. 6. Warren, Ind.

Another Case.

Esmond, R. I.—"I write to tell you how much good your medicine has done me and to let other women know that there is help for them. I suffered with bearing down pains, headache, was irregular and felt blue and depressed all the time. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and commenced to gain in a short time and I am a well woman today. I am on my feet from early morning until late at night running a boarding house and do all my own work. I hope that many suffering women will try your medicine. It makes happier wives and mothers."—Mrs. ANNA HANSEN, Esmond, Rhode Island.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Bibical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

OZONE

Will you kindly give some information concerning ozone?—J. A. B., Flat Rock, Ill.

Ozone is a colorless gas like oxygen, having a peculiar odor like that of air and a chemical activity. The density of ozone is one and one-half times that of oxygen and it is charged into oxygen only at a high temperature. Ozone is found in country atmospheres to a much greater extent than in cities and towns. It is an intense purifier and is destructive to offensive odors.

LEPER COLONIES

Please tell what you can about the leper colony in Hawaii.—A. S., Okla.

There are leprosy hospitals in a few of the largest cities of this country, but the most celebrated leper colony in the world is that on the island of Molokai in Hawaii. This island lies about 25 miles from the island of Oahu and is 56 miles from Honolulu. It is 40 miles long, 7 miles broad and has an area of a little more than 200,000 acres. The leper settlement has an area of 8,000 acres. There are hospitals, dispensaries, churches and comfortable cottages for the accommodation of families. These cottages are well ventilated, abundantly supplied with fresh water, and kept in good condition. Cottage residents requiring medical treatment are visited in their own homes by the resident physician. Every man, woman and child may have 21 pounds of fresh meat a week, a liberal supply of taro, flour or bread, rice, tea, sugar, salt, tobacco and matches, and as much good clothing as required. A sum of money is paid those who do not draw the full ration, which enables them to purchase articles not included in the regular supply.

UMBER

Kindly give a description of umber.—A. P. B., Iowa.

Umber is an olive brown earthy pigment that becomes redder when heated. This earth is found in several localities; the best variety has come for some time past from Cyprus and goes by the name of Turkish umber. Raw umber is of an olive brown color, semi-opaque, perfectly durable in water or oil, and does not injure any other good pigment with which it may be mixed. It is essentially a mixture of oxides of iron and manganese with 13 or 14 per cent of silica, together with small amounts of lime, magnesia, water, etc. When highly heated all the water is drawn off, causing a change in the brown to red ferric oxide. The pigment is now called burnt umber. Raw umber is not subject to adulteration, but a brown coal from near Cologne is sometimes substituted for it.

EUGENE FIELD

Will you please give sketch of the life of Eugene Field in the colmns of The Blade?—A. Q., Montana.

Eugene Field, the author, was born September 2, 1850, and died November 4, 1895. As his mother died when he was very young, he was placed in the care of relatives at an early age. He disliked mathematics, his favorite study being Latin. His father died before he left and his relative caused him to remove from Williams to Knox College. He finished his course in the University of Missouri in 1871. He then went to Europe for six months and when he returned took up newspaper work. In 1889 he went to Europe again with his family and spent one year there. There he had a large number of acquaintances among the literary people and received many flattering attentions, for his ability as a literary man had been demonstrated in his work on the various newspapers of this country. He wrote a great many verses for and about children. These verses are exceptionally good and his reputation could have been made by them alone.

TRADE WINDS

Please give an explanation of the trade winds.—R. H. D., Conneaut, O.

The trade winds are one of the constant or perpetual winds which occur in all open seas on both sides of the equator and to the distance of about 30 degrees north and south of it. On the north of the equator their direction is from the northeast; on the south of the equator they proceed from the southeast. In some places the trade winds become periodical, blowing one-half the year in one direction and the other half in the opposite direction.

JERUSALEM

Kindly publish a history of the city of Jerusalem.—H. O. W., Boaz, Wis.

The earliest name of Jerusalem appears to have been Jebus, or poetically Salem, and its king in Abraham's time was Melchizedek. When the Hebrews took possession of Canaan, the city of Salem was burned, but the fortress remained in the hands of the Jebusites, till King David took it by storm, and made it the capital of his kingdom. From that time it was called Jerusalem. During the reigns of David and Solomon it attained its highest degree of power. When ten of the Jewish tribes seceded under Jeroboam they made Shechem (and later Samaria) the capital of their kingdom of Israel, and Jerusalem remained the capital of the smaller but more powerful kingdom of Judah. The city was taken by Shishak, king of Egypt, in 791 B. C., was later conquered and sacked by Joash, king of Israel, and in the time of Ahaz the king of Syria came against it with a great force, but could not take it. The city was besieged in Hezekiah's reign by the army of Sennacherib, king of Assyria, but was saved by a sudden destruction of the invading army. After the death of Josiah, the city was tributary for some years to the king of Egypt, but was taken after repeated atempts by the Babylonians under Nebuchadnezzar in 586, and was left a heap of ruins. The work of rebuilding it began by order of King Cyrus about 538 B. C., who allowed the Jewish people who had been carried into captivity to return for this purpose. From this time Jerusalem enoyed comparative peace for several hundred years and grew to be an important commercial city. When Alexander invaded Syria it submitted to him without resistance. After his death it belonged for a time to Egypt and in 198 B. C. passed with the rest of Judea under the rule of Syria. Antiochus the Great ruled it with mildness and justice, but tyranny of his son, Antiochus Epiphanes, brought about the revolt, headed by the Maccabees, through which Jerusalem gained a brief independence. In 63, Pompey the Great took the city, demolished the walls and killed thousands of people, but did not plunder it. However, nine years later Crassus robbed the temple of all its treasures. The walls were soon after rebuilt under Antipater, the Roman procurator, but when Herod came to rule over the city with the title of king given him by the Roman senate, he was resisted and only took possession after an obstinate siege, which was followed by the massacre of great numbers of the people. Herod improved and enlarged the city, and restored the temple on a more magnificent scale than in Solomon's time. Jerusalem is said at this time to have had a population of over 200,000. This period of wealth and prosperity was also rendered most memorable for Jerusalem by the ministry and crucifixion of Christ. About A. D. 66, the Jews, goaded to desperation by the tyranny of the Romans, revolted, garrisoned Jerusalem, and defeated a Roman army sent against them. This was the beginning of the disastrous war which ended with the destruction of the city. It was taken by Titus, in the year 70, after a long and vigorous siege, all the inhabitants were massacred or made prisoners, and the entire city left a heap of ruins. The Emperor Hadrian built on the site of Jerusalem a Roman city, under the name of Elia Capitalina, with a temple of Jupiter, and Jews were forbidden to enter the city under pain of death. Under Constantine it was made a place of pilgrimage for Christians, as the emperor's mother and Helena had with much pains located the various sites of events in the history of Christ. The Emperor Julian, on the contrary, not only allowed the Jews to return to their city, but also made an attempt, which ended in failure, to rebuild their temple. In 614 the Persion Emperor Chosroes invaded the Roman empire. The Jews joined his army, and after conquering the nothern part of Palestine, the united forces laid siege and took Jerusalem. The Jews wreaked vengeance on the Christians for what they had been forced to endure, and 20,000 people were massacred. The Persians held rule in the city for 14 years; it was then taken by the Romans again, but in 636 the Caliph Omar besieged it. After four months the city capitulated. It was under the rule of the Caliph for 400 years, until the Seljuk Turks in 1077 invaded Syria and made it a province of their empire. Christian pilgrims had for many years kept up the practice of visiting the tomb of Christ, as the Caliphs did not interfere with their devotions any further than by exacting a small tribute from each visitor. But the cruelties practiced upon the pilgrims by the Turks were many, and report of them soon roused all Europe to a pitch of indignation, and brought about that series of holy wars which for a time restored the holy sepulcher into Christian hands. Jerusalem was stormed and taken July 15, 1099, and 50,000 Moslems were slaughtered by their wrathful Christian foes. The new sovereignity was precariously maintained until 1187, when it fell before the power of Saladin. Jerusalem, after a siege of 12 days, surrendered Saladin, however, did not put his captives to death, but contented himself with expelling them from the city. Jerusalem passed into the hands of the Franks by treaty in 1229, was retaken by the Moslems in 1239, once more restored in 1243, and finally conquered in 1244 by a horde of Kharesmian Turks. In 1517 Palestine was conquered by Sultan Selim I., and since then has been under the rule of the Ottoman Empire, except for a brief period—from 1832 to 1840, when it was in the hands of Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and his son Ibreham had his seat of government at Jerusalem.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

Will you please tell what you can of General Sherman's march to the sea?—M. L. M., Oakley, Tenn.

In 1864 General Sherman determined on marching to the sea, and destroying as far as possible the sources of Confederate supplies. After burning Atlanta, breaking up the railway and sending a part of his army to reinforce Thomas at Nashville, started with about 70,000 men on his memorable march in November. He ordered his troops to forage liberally on the country and though foraging was supposed to be done by regular details only, it was, in fact, carried on practically without restriction, and the devastation along the line of march was most complete. The Confederates had virtually no force to oppose Sherman's advance. Sherman entered Savannah December 23, 1864, having lost on his march, 103 killed, 428 wounded, and 278 missing.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Will you kindly print a short sketch of the life of Ella Wheeler Walcox?—D. F., Colon, Mich.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the author, was born November 5, 1853. Her parents moved from Vermont to Wisconsin about three years before she was born, her father being a music teacher. Miss Wheeler was educated in the public schools of Windsor, Wisconsin, and attended the Woman's College of the University of Wisconsin for one year. She inherited a studius and artistic temperament and early showed signs of literary talent. Several of her earliest articles appeared in a New York paper and she soon won the recognition of editors and publishers, both local and metropolitan, and contributed to the periodical press. In 1884 she was married to Robert W. Wilcox and since 1887 she has resided in New York City, where she is still engaged in literary work.

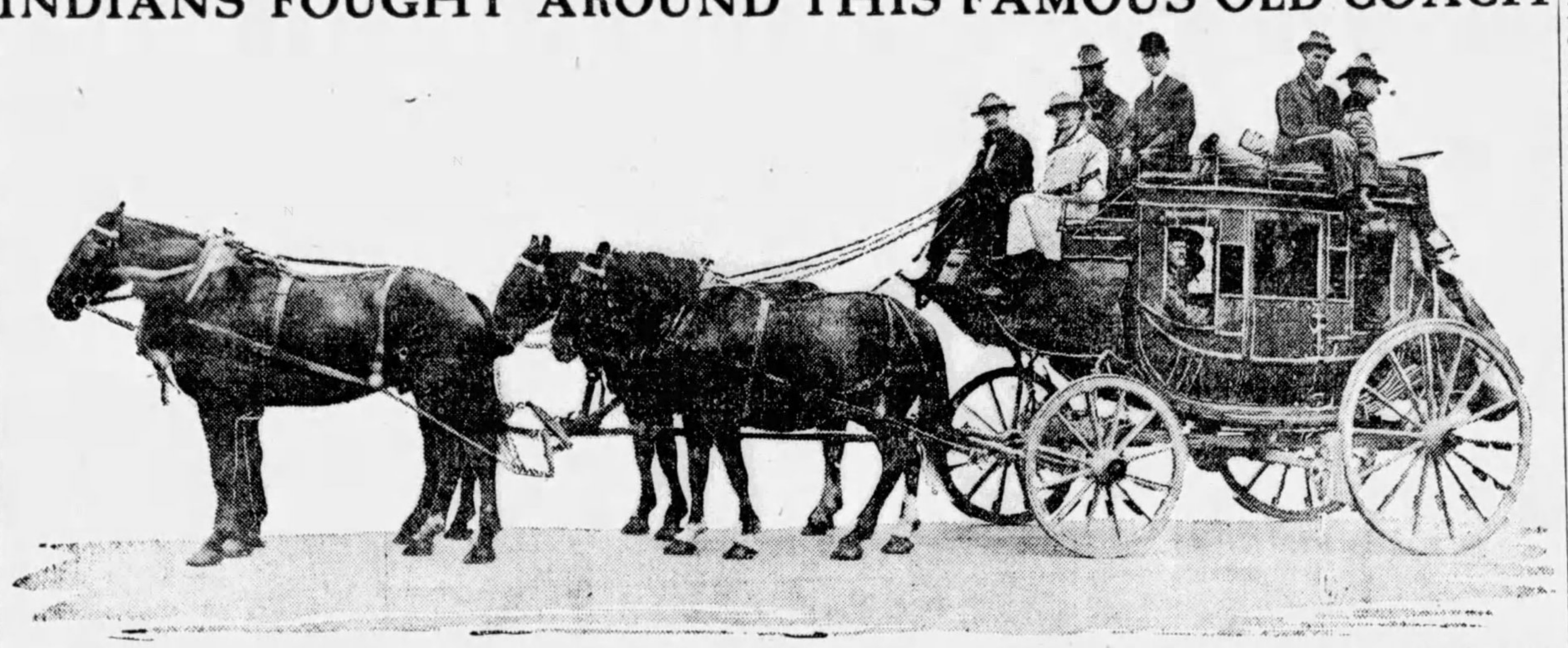
She is the author of the following: An Ambitious Man, A Double Life, Drops of Water, Everyday Thoughts, Poems of Passion, Maurine, Poems of Pleasure, Three Women, King of Love and other Poems, An Erring Woman's Love, Men, Women and Emotions. The Beautiful Land of Nod, Poems of Power, A Woman of the World, Poems of Sentiment, and the Love Sonnets of Abelard and Heloise.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. B., Niles, Mich.—After the subscription to a paper has expired one is not compelled to pay for the same if still sent.

G. M., Non Aqua, Tenn.—The Question Bureau has no references giving William G. Brownlow's speech offering a reward for the capture of Isham G. Harris.

INDIANS FOUGHT AROUND THIS FAMOUS OLD COACH



A relic of early western days—the famous old Wells-Fargo coach, which carried gold and passengers over the lines of Wells-Fargo and Co. in California half a century ago, was conspicuous in the Perry Centennial parade in Toledo. Although wrecked in the ship which was bringing it around the Horn in the year 1863, the staunch old vehicle has survived and is still in excellent condition. It has been through many exciting brushes with Indians and stage robbers. With the coach there came to Toledo an interesting exhibit of guns, treasure chests and other cherished curios of the romantic days of the early west.

The old coach, typical of the overland stages that for so many years joined the east to the west before the completion of the transcontinental railroad, was built in Concord, N. H. Today, after half a century of historic labor, it stands practically as staunch and hardy as in the year 1863 when it was loaded on the sailing vessel "Carrier Pigeon" to be shipped around Cape Horn to the California coast.

From the very first the old coach had an exciting history, for the vessel ran into the terrible hurricane of 1863 just off the Pescadero shores and was completely wrecked. After tossing in the sea for several days the coach was rescued and shortly afterward put in service carrying gold and passengers in California.

Many a cargo of precious metal this old vehicle has carried through the mountain fastnesses, under the watchful care of shotgun messengers who stood guard on its towering box. The coach was usually drawn by six horses, especially trained for the work and guided by some of the most noted Jehus ever in the employ of Wells Fargo & Co.

Some idea of the capacity of this old customer may be had when it is known that 18 passengers have frequently made journeys in it at one time. On its sturdy top could be loaded a ton weight of express matter.

INTERVIEWING THE SULTAN

THERE is an amusing story of a visit paid by a certain Countess of Londonderry to the Turkish Sultan, Mahmud II. No European woman had ever been presented to his imperial majesty, and Lord Ponsonby, the British ambassador, would not try to arrange the interview, on the ground that such an unprecedented request might annoy the sultan.

Lady Londonderry was determined to see his majesty, and by some means had her desire made known to Reschid Pasha, the Turkish minister of foreign affairs. The wily Reschid desiring to do his best for her ladyship, made known to sultan that a person had arrived at Constantinople with a wonderful collection of most valuable jewelry for sale, and ventured humbly to suggest that his imperial majesty might like to see gems. The sultan was interested, and an interview was arranged; but Reschid merely told Lady Londonderry that she would be presented, and that the Sultan, having heard of the fame of her jewelry, had particularly requested that she would put it all on when she came. The gratified lady did so.

On her arrival at the palace Reschid Pasha conducted Lady Londonderry into the presence of the sultan. Her dress glittered with diamonds, pearls, turquoises and other precious stones.

"Pekkei!" (good) said the sultan, as Lady Londonderry courtesied. "She has brought magnificent jewels."

Reschid (turning to the lady)—"His majesty graciously bids you welcome."

Lady Londonderry bowed, and expressed her thanks in French, which was the language used by Reschid.

Reschid (interpreting)—"She says she has other jewelry, but could not put on all."

Sultan—"Ask her what is the price of that diamond necklace."

Reschid—"His majesty inquires whether this is your first visit to Canstantinople?"

Lady Londonderry—"This is my first visit and I am delighted with all I have seen."

Reschid (to sultan)—"She asks a million of piasters."

Sultan—"That is too much."

Reschid (to Lady Londonderry)—"His majesty asks whether you have seen the mosques. If not, he offers you a firman."

Lady Londonderry expressed her thanks.

Sultan—"What price does she put on that set of turquoises?"

Reschid (to Lady Londonderry)—"His majesty says that persons you would like to take a walk in the garden."

Lady Londonderry expressed her thanks and said she would like to see the imperial garden.

Reschid (to sultan)—"She says four hundred thousand piasters"

Sultan—"Take her away! I shall not give such prices."

Reschid (to Lady Londonderry)—"His majesty graciously expresses satisfaction at having made your acquaintance."

Lady Londonderry courtesied low, and withdrew from his majesty's presence to visit the garden with the amiable and courteous Reschid; and afterward she had a delightful story to tell to her friends of the kindness with which the sultan had received her.

WHEN GOOD MONEY ISN'T GOOD

London Tit-Bits.

CURIOUS and interesting facts regarding India's passion for gold and the strange uses to which the natives put the precious metal are contained in a report issued by the great bullion merchants, Samuel Montagu & Co. After mentioning the fact that last year India imported gold bars worth £47,135,000, as well as £18,324,000 in sovereigns, Messrs. Montagu state that, as a contrast to the savings of France, which are utilized to promote trade, those of India are buried or hoarded. At present nearly all the gold dug from the earth in South Africa is by a fresh digging operation deposited again beneath the soil of South Asia.

"In India gold is put to uses unusual among nations of the west. Consumption of gold does not imply in England the actual swallowing of extremely thin gold leaves for medicinal purposes, though it is so taken in parts of India. A frequent form of piety is to regild the domes of religious buildings. Such operations can easily absorb £10,000 or more. Sovereigns with a shield on the obverse side are in constant request. A rajah of rococo tastes imports some thousands to form a center to each minute pane in the windows of his palace."

India occupies the position of a creditor nation on an immense scale, a fact which renders the size of its gold imports a matter of primary importance to the rest of the world. It seems assured that these imports last year were not only a fresh record, but will attain a total of not less than 28 per cent of the world's output. This total, it is stated, is owing to the uninterrupted prosperity of the country, following a succession of good monsoons.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

Some English.

Popular Magazine.

A man, who was indisputably a farmer, a farmer far out in the country, took his wife to Chicago for a visit.

"Now," said the farmer to his wife the first morning after they had arrived, "it makes a big impression on these hotel people if you telephone down to the head waiter what you want for breakfast, and tell him to have it prepared and on the table for you by the time you get down."

He did the telephoning, but the wife broke up the while show in the dining room because he had ordered something which she did not like. Drawing herself up very erect, she exclaimed in a shrill, angry voice:

"Are these our breakfast?"

GUINEA PIGS FOR EATING

Roasting of These Pets Advocated to Lessen Cost of Living.

New York Tribune.

The guinea pig may solve the problem of the high cost of meat, if the American consumer can be induced to adopt the recommendations of the department of agriculture. David E. Lantz, of the biological survey, suggests that the little animals are excellent as food, and "may be baked whole, or may be cut into pieces and fried or fricasseed.

"It is difficult to account for the notion," he says, "that no rodents are fit for human food. Because of such prejudice some people will not eat rabbits or squirrels, and probably many others are kept from eating such excellent game as muskrats and prairie dogs. While guinea pigs are seldom eaten in the United States, their near relationship to rabbits and the fact that they are wholly vegetarians should reassure anyone who may entertain doubts about their fitness for the table.

"The Peruvian method of dressing the guinea pig is the one generally adopted wherever it is eaten. The animal is killed by dislocating its neck, after which it goes through about the same process as a suckling pig. The Peruvians usually roast the animals, but the number of possible ways of cooking them is unlimited. They are excellent eating when cooked in any of the ways that are commonly applied to small game."

On account of the whiteness of its skin the smooth haired white (albino) guinea pig is best adapted for the table. The males become somewhat strong flavored with age, but are said to be fine when over five months old. Females are said to be tender and finely flavored for a much longer time. They are at their best when about a year old.

WENT FISHING WITH A SPOON

Rise of a Wisconsin River Filled Ex-Congressman's Yard.

Menasha, Wis.—Former Congressman S. A. Cook yawned twice, stretched himself and guessed that he'd go fishing. Whereupon he ambled into the kitchen of his home in this city, removed from the cabinet the cook's second best soup ladle and —went into the back yard.

The recent rise in the Fox river, which flows close to the Cook residence, flooded the grounds about the home with several feet of water. The sudden falling of the river left a thousand fish suffocating to death about the steps to the kitchen porch.

The ex-congressman found that he was not the only back yard fisherman. Twenty men and boys balanced themselves languidly on the surrounding fence and dangled hooks baited with angle worms about the noses of the expiring bass. A garden hose had been trained over the moist ground and there was an occasional fortunate fish that could bury its fins in a puddle.

This sign was posted on the fence later in the day:

"Fishing in this yard only by permit of Cook."

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, July 21.

SENATE—Senator Smoot addressed the senate at length, attacking the tariff bill, and will conclude today. Senator Burton spoke in opposition to the tariff bill, with particular reference to the ad valorem system of rates. In executive session the nomination of Albert G. Schmedemann to be minister to Norway, was confirmed. The lobby investigating committee continued its hearing.

HOUSE—The house was not in session. Secretary McAdoo asked for $2,774, to pay the expenses of the district naval battalion on its annual cruise. Chairman Johnson, of the district committee, plans to start district municipal inquiry this week.

Tuesday, July 22.

SENATE—Senator Lane introduced a bill to remove federal restrictions in the manufacture of denatured alcohol. Senator Fall's resolution declaring for the protection of American citizens abroad precipitated a discussion of the Mexican question that was participated in generally by the leaders and grew animated at times. No action was taken. Senator Smoot concluded his elaborate speech in criticism of the pending tariff bill. Senator Borah began a speech on the income tax provisions of the tariff bill. He will conclude today. The lobbying investigating committee continued its hearing. Mulhall withdrew his testimony that former Representative Watson had been paid a retainer while a member of congress.

HOUSE—The house met at noon, and Republican Leader Mann began a filibuster against any business in an effort to force the Democrats to allow Republicans to discuss the Diggs-Caminetti white slave case. Representative Murray, of Oklahoma, introduced a resolution, inviting the senate to concur, directing intervention in Mexico if peace and order are not restored within 30 days after President Wilson issues a proclamation to that effect. The Democratic members of the banking and currency committee, opposed to various features of the Glass currency bill, have drafted another bill to submit to President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo, informally. Passed the bill for sale of the present postoffice building at Newark, N. J., and for the construction of a new building. Representative Hardwick introduced two resolutions embracing a budget system, and designed to overcome the objections which caused the rejection of the budget scheme by the Democratic caucus. Representative Rupley introduced a bill to increase the number of justices of the supreme court by the addition of two associate justices.

Wednesday, July 23.

SENATE—No senator being ready to speak on the tariff bill, reading the measure section by section for amendment was begun. But little headway was made. Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, will speak on the tariff bill today. A number of minor appointments, mostly postmasters, were sent in by the President. No further discussion of the Mexican question occurred, Senator Fall not renewing his request for consideration of his resolution. Lobby investigating committee hurried the introduction of Mulhall letters into the record in an effort to conclude this branch of the inquiry tomorrow.

HOUSE—Republican Leader Mann filibustered against any business, forcing an adjournment after a session lasting 35 minutes. The rules committee voted to report favorably the Johnson resolution to authorize the district committee to continue its probe into district governmental affairs. The banking and currency committee Democrats continued consideration of the Glass currency bill.

Thursday, July 24.

SENATE—Senators Weeks, of Massachusetts, and Works, of California, delivered set speeches in opposition to the Democratic tariff bill. The consideration of the bill by paragraphs was continued, but very little headway was made. John P. Murphy, of Knoxmille, Tenn., was appointed postmaster of the senate. The lobby committee continued reading into the record the Mulhall letters.

HOUSE—The house met at noon and was in session 35 minutes, when Republican Leader Mann's filibuster forced an adjournment. The district committee began its investigation into assessment methods in the district. Representative Edmonds presented a resolution to amend the constitution so that a uniform marriage and divorce law may be passed.

Friday, July 25.

SENATE—Resumed consideration of tariff bill, Senator Works continuing his speech against the bill. Introduction of Mulhall letters into record and examination of Mulhall continued before lobby investigating committee. Postmaster General Burleson before postoffice committee answered criticism of proposed new parcel post changes, and announced he would order changes effective Aug. 15. Joint tobacco trade committee heard Virginia tobacco growers. Senator Jones introduced amendment to tariff bill to free list grain bags.

HOUSE—Republican Leader Mann resumed filibuster against any business being transacted. Banking committee Democrats met and discussed currency bill amendments offered by insurgents. Interstate Commerce Commissioners Prouty and Clements urged appropriations committee to appropriate for physical valuation of railroads. Representative Raker introduced resolution for investigation of industrial possibilities of sagebrush and greasewood. Representative Clark, Florida, introduced resolutions reaffirming Monroe doctrine. Representative Kahn introduced resolution directing department of justice to furnish additional information on Diggs-Caminetti white slave cases.

Saturday, July 26th.

SENATE—Met at noon. Tariff debate continued. Secretary Bryan conferred with foreign relations committee on proposed Nicaraguan treaty. Lobby committee in recess until Monday.

HOUSE—Met and adjourned at 12:04 p. m. until Monday.

CHAIN OF AVIATION DEPOTS

France to Make Impossible Scarcity of Supplies En Route.

Le Cri de Paris.

After the lapse of a whole year the national executive committee on military aviation has issued a report containing the decisions regarding the expenditure of the national subscription raised in the spring of 1912.

The amount of the subscription which the committee actually holds in cash is almost $1,000,000, while about half as much again is promised by the committee all over the country and is being reserved for local participation in army aeronautics. A large amount of money is also represented by aviation grounds which have been given or promised by townships.

A certain portion of the money will be expended, of course, for the purchase of new aeroplanes and the training of pilots, but the most striking step which will be taken by the committee, the one which is causing most discussion, is the formation of a close network of landing places all over France, with the object that no army aeroplane or dirigible will find itself at any time many miles from a spot where it can safely alight and obtain fresh supplies of petrol and necess repairs.

Thirty-two of these stations will created forthwith, at a cost offici estimated at $100,000. The stat will, of course, be thickest along frontier, as well as in the north ce of the country. In addition to th 32 stations, 25 others will be constr ed without delay by the war office of its own funds, independently of national committee.

Greatest satisfaction is expressed the public at this way of expend the money subscribed. It is felt th the good work thus started must be allowed for a moment to drop, be pushed forward at all cost by war office and parliament, now th the nation has expressed its will in matter in such an emphatic fashion.

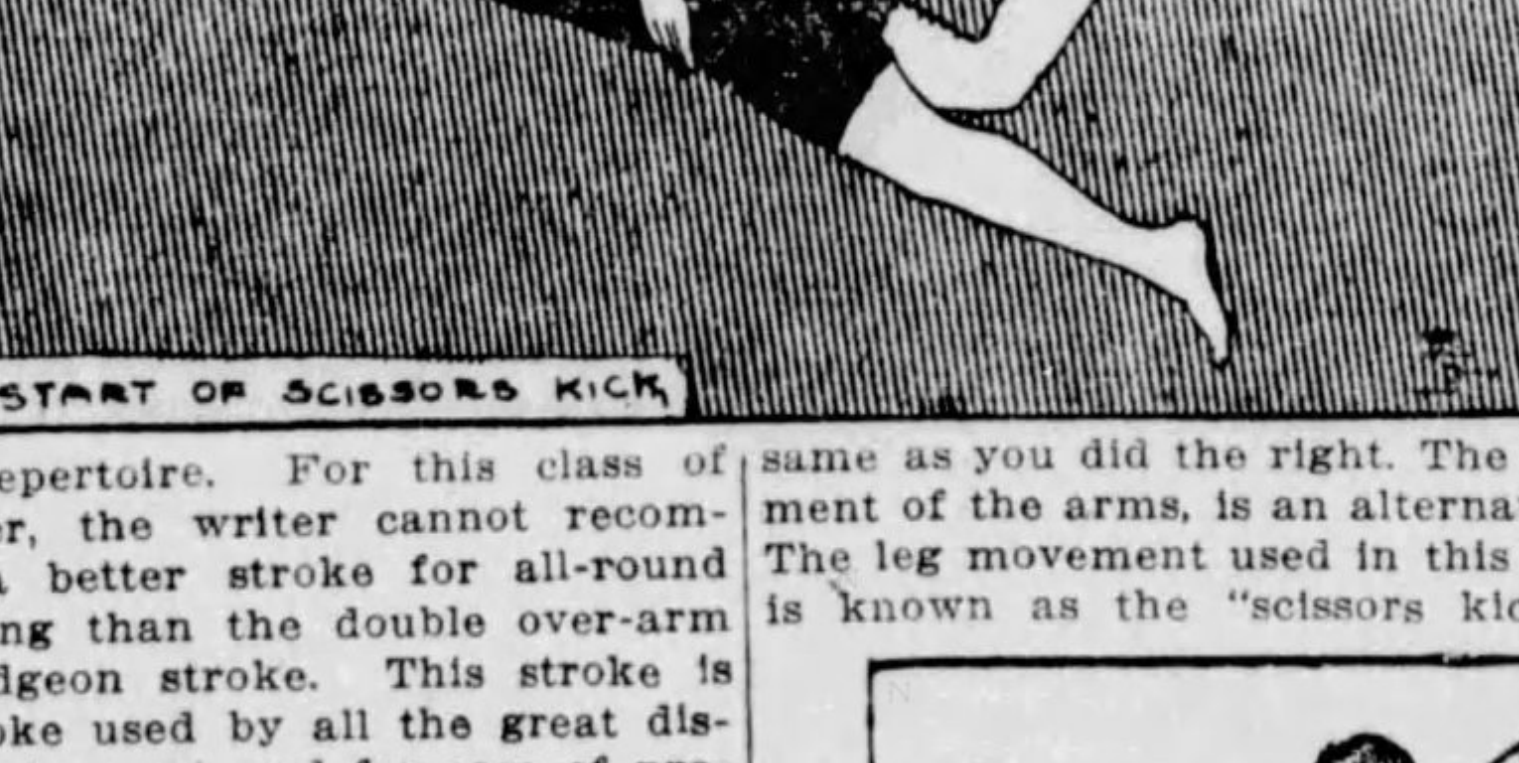
In 11 months, $43,686,000 wo of gems have been imported thro the New York custom house.

Practical Swimming Lessons

By TOM WHITAKER

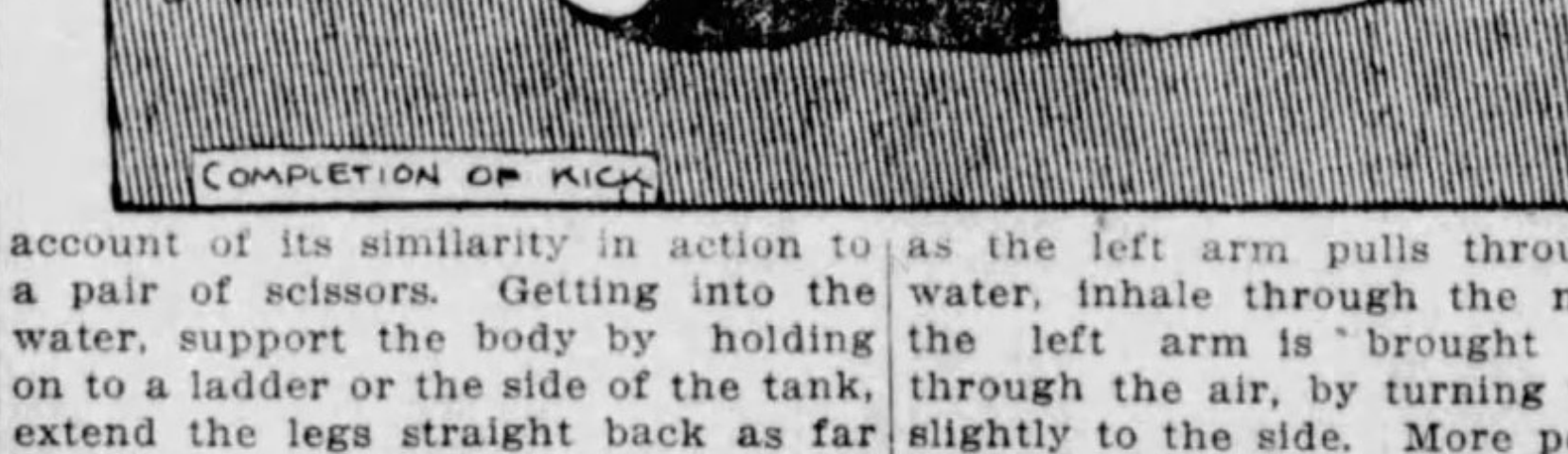
"THE TRUDGEON STROKE."

AFTER the breast stroke has been mastered the average swimmer is ambitious to acquire another stroke, either for speed purpose or merely to add to his swimming repertoire. For this class of swimmer, the writer cannot recommend a better stroke for all-round swimming than the double over-arm or Trudgeon stroke. This stroke is the stroke used by all the great distance swimmers, and for ease of propulsion and relaxation is recognized as the best. It is a stroke that is an evolution from the underarm side stroke, and single over-arm stroke.



To swim this or any of the more complicated strokes, it is absolutely necessary to master the method of the breathing known as "rythmic breathing" which was described in a previous article. Before entering the water, stand with the heels together, bend forward at the waist, extend the arms straight out in front, palms down, elbows slightly bent. Pull the right arm down—through imaginary water—keeping the elbow stiff, until the hand reaches the hip, then raise the elbow and shoulder and reach out over the water and forward.

As you are sending the right arm forward, pull the left through the same as you did the right. The movement of the arms, is an alternate one. The leg movement used in this stroke is known as the "scissors kick" on account of its similarity in action to a pair of scissors. Getting into the water, support the body by holding on to a ladder or the side of the tank, extend the legs straight back as far as they will go, keeping them in a straight line with the body. Then turn on the side—the side depending upon which comes the more natural—either left or right—if you adopt the right side, move the left leg forward, bending it very slightly at the knee, and the right leg backward, bending at the knee only, do not open the legs more than two and a half feet.



In this position the legs will be spread apart. Then bring them together with a decided snap. This kick should be practiced while holding on to something until it becomes easy and natural.

Timing the Stroke.

The arm and leg movement can be worked together quite easily, if one will remember to kick the legs together just as the upper arm is about to start forward—if you swim on your right side it will be the left arm—so that as the left arm pulls through the water the legs are trailing motionless behind, the idea being to kick only once every two arm strokes.

To breath correctly with this stroke, exhale through the nose under water as the left arm pulls through the water, inhale through the mouth as the left arm is brought forward through the air, by turning the head slightly to the side. More power can be gotten out of this kick by turning on the side when in the act of kicking, and by pulling the right arm under the body.

"Those Terrible E
Noises
Have
Stopped"

"Those terrible Ear Noises have stopped," is what hundreds of letters are telling me. You remember that on May 29th I offered Treatments for Head Noises, Free, to Toledo Weekly Blade readers, and this is the happy result.

Head Noises! What a picture of intole suffering these words bring to mind. Re if you have Head Noises, I know well tha words of mine can describe the weary mi But you are the one to appreciate the bl relief in the words "My Head Noises h stopped," and these are the words which e day's mail brings me.

The joy and gratitude of the people wh ceived the free treatments offered in this p last May has been so great and their appeal friends so urgent that I am going to offer ag

200 Treatments Free

Think what it would mean to no longer s with these intolerable, roaring noises—the w tling—the escaping steam—the hum of insec the buzzing—all the weary catalogue of sou which at times make you feel that they m stop, or you will go insane. Perhaps, too, y hearing is beginning to fail, but whether it or not, you know in your heart of hearts tha will go and the voice of science warns yo unmistakable terms. If you have Head No sooner or later, you will be deaf.

Here is your opportunity. Send for one of Free Treatments and see my method which cured hundreds in just your condition. Just me a note or a post card asking for a Tre ment for Head Noises Free. You will never gret it.

This offer and talk is for YOU. Perhaps have tried other things and become discoura Perhaps you have been told there is no h Perhaps you are carelessly neglecting case from day to day, thinking it will get w of itself.

Make just this small effort. Send for one my Free Treatments. It won't cost you penny. See this successful new treatment the method which has cured many, many pe with Head Noises just like yours.

Write today for Free Head Noises treatm

DEAFNESS SPECIALIST SPROUL
43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

Spectacles On 7 Days Trial Free

—And They'll Even Make A Blind Man See—

Of course, I don't mean one blind from birth or disease—but near-blin and weak-eyed on account of old age.

Now it makes no difference if you're as near-blind and weak-eyed a the old gentleman shown in the above picture, I'm going to send you a pair of my 10-karat SOLID GOLD FILLED "Perfect Vision" spectacles without cent of money, and if you're a sportsman and like to go out huntin occasionally, you'll find that you can shoulder your gun and drop t smallest squirrel off the tallest tree top at the very first shot sure, wi the help of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine. An in the evening, when the shadows are gathering in the twilight, they' easily enable you to distinguish a horse from a cow out in the pastu at the greatest distance and as far as your eye can reach.

Write me today for a pair of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, and as soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes, no matter how weak they may be; sit down on your front porch one of these beautiful summer nights and you'll be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the very finest print in your bible with them on, even by moonlight, and this no matter if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot even read the largest headlines in this paper.

Or if you're fond of sitting down with your needle-work awhile at night in your spare time, just put on these wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine and you'll find that you can again thread the smallest-eyed needle you can lay your hands on, and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on, and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye-pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

Now Don't Take My Word For It

but send for a pair at once and try them out yourself for reading, sewin hunting, driving, indoors, outdoors, anywhere and everywhere, anyw and everyway. Then after a thorough try-out, if you find that eve word I have said about them is as honest and as true as gospel, and they really have restored to you the absolute perfect eyesight of yo early youth, you can keep the lenses forever without one cent of pay, an

Just Do Me A Good Turn

by showing them around to your friends and neighbors, and speak a go word for them whenever you have the chance. Won't you help me intr duce my wonderful "Perfect Vision" spectacles in your locality on th easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children ne apply) and want to do me this favor, write your name, address and a on the below $3.75 certificate at once, and this will entitle you to a p of my famous "Perfect Vision" lenses absolutely free of charge as a advertisement.

Write your name, address and age on the below coupon at onc and mail it to me today without one cent of money. Address:—

3.75

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO.—Room 9 ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please send me on 7-days' free trial a handsome pair of 10-karat SOLID GOLD FILLED spectacles, set complete with your famous "Perfect Vision" lenses, all ready for use, also a fine leatherette plush-lined German-silver-tipped gold-lettered pocketbook spectacle case, and if I find that the 10-karat SOLID GOLD FILLED frame is really overlaid and stiffened with genuine 10-karat pure gold, and will positively stand the 10-karat solid gold acid test without the slightest discoloration (so that I will be proud to wear them in company and to church on Sundays) then and then only will I pay you your special reduced advertising price of $1.25, if in my opinion they are really worth $5, the price you have them stamped in the nosepiece. If, however, I don't want to keep the spectacle-frames for any reason whatever, I am positively going to remove the lenses and put them into my own frames without paying you one single solitary cent for them as you have agreed in the above announcement to accept this $3.75 certificate in full and complete payment of a pair of your famous "Perfect Vision" lenses as an advertisement, and I am certainly going to make you stick to that contract.

How old are you?..............................
How many years have you used glasses (if any)..............................
Name..............................
Postoffice..............................
Rural Route and Box No..............................State..............................

3.75

LAN WAR ON WHITE SLAVERY

ations Organize World-vide Campaign for Suppression of Traffic.

ondon, July 25.—Dr. O. Edward ney, president of the American ilance Association, who heads the erican delegation at the fifth interional congress for the suppression he white slave traffic, has given an rview on the work of the congress. pointed out that a new method had n employed to fight the evil ffic.

There has always been much senional talk about this traffic being hly organized," he said, "but for the ure we, who are fighting it, will be ch better organized than they, for, a result of this congress, the foreign artment of the American Vigilance mittee will have highly trained respondents in every big city of ry country where the traffickers rk.

Our plan is the instant any girl is orted missing by any of these corpondents to have her name and deiption sent broadcast in as compresive a manner as the New York ice sends out its 'wanted lists' to tland Yard and other foreign police eaus.

In consequence, persons will be on alert in all parts of the world. In t, we hope to establish such a fine work that thousands of girls will rescued.

The congress is attended by 400 deltes, all of whom have become thorhly acquainted with each other and pledged to put this idea into workoperation as soon as they return ne. The delegates are from Great tain, Germany, Sweden, Norway, land, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerd, France, Spain, Italy, Austrongary, Russia, China, Argentina, stralia, Egypt, South Africa, Can- and the United States.

Police Among Delegates.

I have been interested to note that ny police officials are among the egates. The delegates from Russia, ngary and Germany are all mems of police organizations. I hope that the next congress several police ofals will be on the list from the ited States.

The delegates are also pledged to work of obtaining a conference of nations for the purpose of strengthng the international treaty of 1908, pecially in making more stringent migration regulations.

The report of the United States deltion made a great impression on congress, for it showed progress much valuable work by the govment and great increase in vigice on the part of independent assotions. It also showed that the avge government convictions were one day, in addition to state, county and nicipal convictions.

It is the belief of the entire cons that there is not and never has n a systematic organization of ite slave traffickers beyond the fact t a trafficker in a European city has ividual correspondents elsewhere. t despite the fact that there has n no syndicate, the business is still y extensive throughout the world d also very lucrative, as was proved the recent Chicago case, where one man made $100,000 a year. She mped her $25,000 bail and fled to ance.

Lines of Traffic.

The main lines of traffic are now uthern Italy and Russia to the United States; Germany, France, Italy and ain to Argentina, and the United ates to China and Japan. The traffic t of France is decreasing, but this is e to the general decrease in French migration traffic. Within the cones of France it is as good as ever.

We expect to concentrate a large ce of our workers on the Pacific ast the coming year to prevent merican girls being taken to the ient.

The very substantial assistance obned will enable us to develop the portunities which are constantly beg presented. That good progress has en made is evidenced by the large t of American cities where segreted districts no longer exist."

At the closing session of the conferce the Marchioness Tullibardine apaled for a single standard of moralifor both men and women. So long the chief motives with women and ls in all stations of life were love of miration, love of excitement, love of usement and dislike of work, so g were those women and girls mak- it hard for the men they met in ly life and weakening themselves inst temptation. She felt very ongly that older women, especially rried women, must stand as guartors for the men and make them ow that chivalry is not dead.

Other prominent American delegates the congress are the Rev. Ernest A. ll of Chicago and Mrs. Carrie Chapan Catt.

IVE US A CHANCE TO
RE YOUR RHEUMATISM FREE

r. Delano took his own medicine. It cured rheumatism after he had suffered tortures for ty-six years. He spent $20,000 before he diered the remedy that cured him, but we'll you the benefit of his experience for nothing. you suffer from rheumatism let us send you package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't d any money. We want to give it to you. want you to see for yourself what it will do. picture shows how rheumatism twists and torts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the e way. Don't. You don't need to. We have remedy that we believe will cure you and yours for the asking. Write us today. The ano Co., 133-G, Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New k, and we'll send you a free package the day we get your letter.

Carnegie's Bomb Was Spoiled Salad

New York, July 25.—A large asparagus bomb, intended for Andrew Carnegie, was riddled with bullets yesterday and then thrown into East river after a day of excitement at the offices of the Carnegie corporation, 576 Fifth avenue, the bureau of combustibles at fire headquarters, and the foot of East Sixty-eighth street.

The zinc case containing the asparagus and much mayonnaise dressing, both spoiled, had been delivered to the Carnegie corporation by the postman on Monday afternoon. It was addressed to Andrew Carnegie there.

Wm. A. Clark, of the office staff, tore off the label, took a long look at the ominous zinc lozenge and prestidigitated it to the elevator man.

Who gave it to the engineer.

Who notified the police.

Who sent word to Inspector Owen Egan, of the bureau of combustibles.

Who came and carried the apparently deadly missile to his laboratory and put it in the magazine for explosives over night.

Then it was taken to the foot of East Sixty-eighth street and tested with the result given.

FOUR MEN ARE KILLED

West Virginia Miners in Battle With Guards.

Charleston, W. Va., July 25.—Four men were killed yesterday in a short, sharp battle between striking miners and watchmen employed by the Wake Forest Coal Co. at Wake Forest, on Cabin creek, the scene of much rioting and bloodshed since coal strike troubles started in April, 1911.

Since the mining town of Ohley, near by on Cabin Creek, was attacked and "shot up" three weeks ago, it has been the custom for the coal operators to have watchmen scout the hillsides before the non-union miners are permitted to enter or leave the mines. Witchmen Ginn and Slater were makthe usual search. While going through the heavily wooded hillside they were suddenly attacked by a band of men who opened fire on them. Ginn and Slater fell fatally wounded. Slater, however, returned the fire, killing two of the attacking party. He then received another bullet through the body.

RUSSIA MENACED BY LABOR FAMINE

Muzhiks Abandon Work And Expect the State to Keep Them.

St. Petersburg, July 26.—Owing to the spread of socialistic doctrines in Russia the country is threatened with a labor famine, mines, factories, and farms being deserted by muzhik laborers, who are gravitating toward the cities, where they voluntarily become public charges. This state of affairs is explained by M. Menshikov in The Novoe Vremya on the ground that the doctrines of socialism have been interpreted to mean that the state not only owes every man a living, but also food, clothing and shelter where work is not forthcoming.

"Reasoning thus," writes M. Menshikov, "they soon come to adopt a purely socialistic view on government which, having no labor but the army, cannot provide work for all. For this reason there is a famine in many Russian industries. There is plenty of coal but not enough miners to mine it; there are new and admirable factories, but no operatives; plenty of rich soil, but no one to develop it.

"The landowners of the governments of Podolia and Kiev have requested the military commander of the district to detail soldiers to do the gathering of sugar beet because of the lack of laborers, and the exorbitant prices demanded by them threaten to ruin the main branch of industry in that region. On the estates of the Smolensk government landowners the fields have remained unsown for next year, and the magnificent crops of rye, flax, oats and potatoes were not gathered and perished in the fields.

"The life of the common people is in a state of transition, in which not a vestige remains of their hard-working and frugal ancestors. The muzhik believes that by avoiding coarse work and wearing good clothes bought with borrowed money he can become a 'gentleman,' ignoring the fact that without this coarse work the nation cannot live and that soon his good clothes will be worn out and his credit exhausted. * * *

"People," concludes M. Menshikov, "cannot understand what the cause of this growing calamity is which hits the poor particularly hard. The cause is very simple. The muzhik, the main producer of grain, bread, flour, meat, milk products, and all other foodstuffs, is disappearing. Besides the bread famine we have a firewood famine, a coal famine, and all possible famines. The population grows and the number of laborers decreases."

BUT ONE AMBASSADOR STICKS

Diplomats Desert Washington Owing to Heat.

Washington, July 23.—In spite of the imminence of the passage of a new tariff law and the existence of grave foreign questions, it developed today that of the 40 nations represented here only one ambassador and eight ministers have remained in the capital. The others have surrendered to the Washington heat and have slipped away by ones and twoes to the mountains and the seashore.

The situation is considered out of the ordinary, for congress is in session and the President of the United States remains actively at work at the White House.

Of the ambassadors, the only one remaining in Washington is Viscount Chinda, whose presence here is necessitated by reason of the California alien land law controversy.

The eight minsters who are stricking to their posts are representatives, with the exception of the Cuban minister, of Central and South American countries. They are accustomed to tropical weather in their own countries and are not suffering. The others have fled before the torridity.

INVESTIGATION OF FIRE UNDER WAY

Binghamton Factory Disaster Acted On by State and Local Authorities.

Binghamton, N. Y., July 24.—State and local authorities today began an investigation of the circumstances surrounding the fire in the factory of the Binghamton Clothing Co. in which at least 50 persons, mostly women and girls, lost their lives. Representatives of the state department of labor, the state fire marshal, the state factory investigating committee and the committee of safety of New York were present at today's inquest, which was conducted by Coroner R. A. Seymour, of Whitney Point.

Workmen today continued to search the ruins of the burned factory building. Of the 28 bodies thus far recovered only three have been identified. The others are burned beyond possibility of recognition and will be buried in a plot to be set apart by the city for the unidentified dead. A public funeral is planned for Sunday.

Not until the office safe has been opened can a complete list of the employes of the clothing company, dead, living and missing, be made. The safe was uncovered late yesterday, but it was so hot that no attempt was made to open it.

One of the charred bodies is believed to be that of Nellie Connor, the forewoman, who sacrificed her life in an effort to save those in her charge.

COLONEL TO SEE AUSTRALIA?

Antipodeans Wants Roosevelt to Visit Their Country.

New York, July 25.—Theodore Roosevelt is to be away from this country for a year. A report was in circulation yesterday that when he finishes his visit to South America he will go to Australia and that the two trips will take up the better part of a year.

It was reported also that when the colonel gets back he will retire as contributing editor of The Outlook.

The Australians began to prick up their ears when they heard that the colonel was about to start on a speech-making trip to Brazil, Argentina and Chile, and, as Lawrence F. Abbott, president of The Outlook company, said yesterday, intimations have been received here that speeches -snɐ uı ǝɯoɔlǝʍ ǝq plnoʍ ɯıɥ ɯoɹɟ tralia.

Mr. Abbott denied the report that the colonel is thinking of getting out of The Outlook. Yet Col. Roosevelt's friends were saying yesterday that he has found his connection with The Outlook burdensome. His friends do not prophesy that he will break from the weekly entirely, but that he will make some sort of a new arrangement so that he will not be expected to furnish a hebdomadal article.

GOT JUST KISSES AND BUNS

And Bride Appeals to Judge for Real Food.

Baltimore, Md., July 23.—Kisses and buns for breakfast, kisses and buns for luncheon, kisses and buns for dinner. This has been the daily menu of Mrs. Rosie Schwanke, of 1156 Cooksie street, ever since her marriage to Frederick Schwanke, July 7.

And Mrs. Schwanke is the sister of Mrs. Theresa Deems, famous unkissed wife. But, unlike her sister, Mrs. Deems, it isn't the kissing part of the menu that Mrs. Schwanke objects to. It is the buns.

The combined sweetness has been too much for her and she wishes to dispense with the bums. The kisses, if it is possible, she wants to keep.

To change the monotony of buns she appealed to Justice Levinson, of the southern district, yesterday. Frederick, she thinks, should supply a few more of the staples of life.

Mrs. Theresa Deems, sister of Mrs. Schwanke, strayed into the limelight last spring and stayed because of her assertion that she had never been kissed by husband or child.

CONVICTS FIGHT FIRE

Do Good Work in Flames at Sing Sing.

Ossinning, N. Y., July 23.—Fire late yesterday afternoon started in the mat shop at Sing Sing prison and quickly spread to the lumber, carriage and wagon departments and the ice house. These buildings were destroyed at an estimated loss of $150,000.

About 200 convicts aided in preventing the flames from spreading to the prison proper. Two "trusties," overcome by smoke, were revived in the hospital. Warden Clancy said that the prisoners' fire squad did excellent work and none attempted to escape. Several convicts whose identity was not disclosed, entered the fire zone and rolled barrels of gasoline and benzine to a safe distance.

The other prisoners, over 1,500 in number, were marched to their cells at the first alarm and locked in. When the fire threatened to attack the prison, keepers were detailed to release them if necessary. The Ossinning fire department was summoned while help was also asked from nearby towns as a precaution against danger to the main building. The origin of the fire is unknown.

PLAN NATION WIDE HIKE

Three Young Men to Walk From Ocean to Ocean.

Los Angeles, July 28.—Francis Murphy II., grandson of Francis Murphy, founder of the Murphy Association, and son of the famous evangelist, Francis J. Murphy, leaves Los Angeles this afternoon in company with two young Los Angeles artists, P. W. Anderson and H. G. Hennig, on a transcontinental tramp.

They expect to arrive in New York City by next New Year's. Mr. Murphy is a local singer of some repute and is the holder of the Metropolitan Opera Company's scholarship, the highest honor of its kind given in America. He won the scholarship when only 17 years of age.

VIEW OF BIG FACTORY FIRE

Scene at Binghamton Overall Factor y When Firemen Were Fighting the flames. This picture shows the rear of the building and the fire escape where many of the girls lost their lives.

SYLVIA CAUGHT, MULTITUDE RIOTS

Wildest Disorder in Streets of London as Miss Pankhurst Is Arrested.

London, July 28.—Sylvia Pankhurst, the militant suffragette, who was out on license under the "cat and mouse" law, was the leader of a suffragettte demonstration yesterday which surpassed all previous Sunday afternoon affairs of the sort. During the rioting which followed Miss Pankhurst was rearrested and taken to Holloway jail. Twenty other young men and women also were arrested.

The meeting, held in Trafalgar Square by the Men's Federation for Woman's Suffrage and the East End branch of the Women's Social and Political Union, had been announced in advance, and this fact and also a rumor that a charge upon Premier Asquith's residence with resolutions was planned, brought enormous crowds into the square.

"On to Downing street" proved to be the watchword, and but for vigorous work by the mobilized police, who arrested Miss Pankhurst and 20 men and women supporters, there would have been window smashing and perhaps worse damage at the premier's house. The procession of men and women marched from Whitechapel to Trafalgar square with constantly growing crowds following.

Band Plays Marseillaise.

It entered the square with the band playing the Marseillaise and planted banners on the plinth of the Nelson column. Miss Pankhurst made a dramatic appearance from among the crowd and was dragged to the platform amid great cheering. When the demonstration had subsided she made an impasisoned speech.

"The time for speaking is over," she said. "Deeds, not words, are wanted. Let us all go to Downing street."

She concluded by saying she was going to defy the authorities and carry resolutions to the premier's residence herself. A roar of approval greeted this anouncement and in an instant Miss Pankhurst, with a bundle of papers in her hand, was swept off the plinth by the mob and the square was a mass of excited and struggling people.

The huge crowd, Miss Pankhurst leading it, then moved down Whitehall toward Downing street. A platoon of police, which had come at double quick from Scotland Yard, formed a cordon across the road, which was effectively aided by a blockade of wheeled conveyances.

Police Rush on Crowds.

Mounted police then rode into the crowd, scattering it and driving the people down various streets, while officers in plain clothes got possession of Miss Pankhurst after a fist fight with her bodyguard of East End young men.

The mounted men then cleared a way for the prisoner to a cab. Miss Pankhurst was driven to Holloway jail to serve the remainder of her sentence or to stay until she is again released through a hunger strike. In the station house she struggled desperately with the officers and smashed a window with a ruler which is used to measure prisoners.

After Miss Pankhurst had been taken into custody, two women were arrested for throwing stones at Mr. Asquith's windows. During the rioting several policemen were badly injured by kicks and blows.

DUCHESS IS IN POLITICS

London, July 25.—The Duchess of Marlborough, who was formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, is understood to have accepted the presidency of the Woman's Municipal party. This organization was formed recently with the object of putting forward women candidate for office in the various municipalities which constitute the metropolitan district.

CALLS THE NEW FASHIONS 'ORGY'

Writer in London Times Is Horror Stricken at Women's Taste.

London, July 25.—A storm of comment has been aroused by an article displayed prominently in the Times under the caption "Dress or Undress." The writer says:

"We are at the height of a revolution in feminine clothes which has not been seen since the French Revolution gave sanction to the excesses of women in the Directoire and Empire gowns. Five years ago women still wore skirts and bodices which covered them, stockings, thick enough not to show the color of their skin, and sufficient stays and petticoats to conceal the details of their persons. The wasp waists and humps on the skirt or shoulders disappeared.

Wear Almost Nothing Now.

"It was the return of nature to true art, but today it is patent at least to the observant person that women wear almost nothing under their gowns even in the daytime. Petticoats have been replaced by tights—if they have been replaced—and stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder. So much for the foundation.

"Over this is a filmy sheath of half transparent material cut almost as low for day wear as for evening, with such slashings that the lifting of the skirt will fully display the leg half way to the knee, showing every movement of the limb and almost of the muscles.

"Certainly there is an orgie of undressing going on and it shows no signs of abating. What will be the end? It is difficult to see."

Is Horror Stricken.

The writer concludes with this tirade:

"It is curious to note that this Bacchanalian rage has fallen on women at a time when there is much in the melting pot, at a time of world restlessness, of war abroad and a constitutional crisis at home and social misery everywhere. It is difficult to see the connection of fashion with such things or to say which is the cause and which the effect, or to determine how much the women's almost bare feet and quite bare arms and neck are due to Premier Asquith's indifference to stable government, or to anarchy in the political and artistic world. But it says a great deal for the length of the road which we have traveled that the old fashioned people have not lifted up their voices in rebuke to a generation which would have made their fathers gasp and stare and resort to prayer to avert a thunderbolt."

WAS ABSENT FIFTY-ONE YEARS

Michigan Veteran Attends First Reunion Since War.

Lansing, Mich., July 23.—One Hundred survivors of the Ninth Michigan infantry are in Lansing for the Forty-fifth annual reunion of that regiment.

Henry Ries came all the way from Dayton, Wash., to attend the reunion. Lafayette Davis and C. H. Rhodes, of Saginaw, were members of Co. F, the same company to which Ries belonged, and the two Saginaw men met their old Washington comrade for the first time since they were mustered out 51 years ago.

USED BIBLE FOR CIGARETTES

Dallas, July 23.—How some of his Mexican captors used leaves in his Bible for cigarette papers was told by L. L. Davis of Dallas, who reached home today after being a prisoner of Constitutionalists in Mexico from May 13 until July 19. Davis said there were only a few chapters left in the book when he was released. He said his captors at times had little to eat themselves but always shared equally with him. He had been held for cansom, but was released on demands by American consular authorities.

AT 94 ASKS 46 YEARS' ALIMONY

Woman Demands $30,000 From Estate of Man Divorced in 1867.

New York, July 25.—Deborah Van Ness, 94, of Garden City, has brought suit against Rastus R. Ransom and Wallace MacFarland, temporary executors of the estate of Cornelius Van Ness, for back alimony, amounting to $30,000, which she claims has been accumulating since she divorced Van Ness in 1867. Cornelius Van Ness died in 1906, leaving on estate valued at $1,000,000.

Charles Blandy, counsel for Mrs. Van Ness, appeared before Justice Scudder in the supreme court, Brooklyn, today, and obtained an order for a bill of particulars to amplify part of the answer to the suit filed by the executors, relating to an alleged agreement signed on a date not made public, by which Mrs. Van Ness apparently settled her alimony claim for $10,000. Through counsel Mrs. Van Ness alleges that the paper purporting to be an agreement is a forgery.

The papers in the suit show that Mrs. Van Ness divorced her husband May 22, 1867, receiving from the court a judgment for alimony. The correspondent named was Mrs. Emma Louise Wright, and as soon as he was free Van Ness promptly married Mrs. Wright.

The second Mrs. Van Ness died, and in 1900, at the age of 84, Van Ness married Alice Wood, 27. During his lifetime he deeded his young third wife considerable property, and after his death it was found that by a codicil to his will he had left her his entire estate.

The original will, executed in 1901, left the estate to Mrs. A. Ross Parson, of Garden City, daughter of the testator by his first wife.

Surrogate Fowler refused to admit the will to probate with the property disposed of by the codicil and appointed Mr. Ransom and Mr. MacFarland to look after the estate as temporary executors, which they have been doing ever since.

NO CITY PRESENT FOR JESSIE

President Objects to Plan of Baltimore Citizens.

Baltimore, Md., July 25.—President Wilson objects to the movement which was started in this city several days ago to raise a fund for the purchase of a wedding present for his daughter, Miss Jessie Wilson.

A letter to Mayor Preston received this morning reads:

"The White House,
"Washington, July 23, 1913.

"My Dear Mr. Preston:

"The President's attention has been called to an article in one of the Baltimore papers concerning a contribution made to you by Mr. Ernest E. Nordenholz toward a fund for a present for Miss Wilson on the occasion of her marriage.

"While the President deeply appreciates the generous spirit which prompted Mr. Nordenholz to make this contribution, he greatly prefers that no fund be raised for this purpose. Will you not be good enough to notify Mr. Nordenholz and also have proper announcement made to this effect in the paper in question? Sincerely yours,

"J P. Tumulty,
"Secretary to the President."

Miss Wilson will be married in the fall to Francis R. Sayre.

WHAT BECAME OF SHIPS OF PERRY

"It is interesting to note what became of the vessels, which played such an important part in the tragic drama of Lake Erie. The Lawrence, afterwards repaired, was sunk in Misery Bay for preservation. Long afterwards a part of her stern was raised and kept as a memorial. For years the Niagara was a training ship on Lake Erie, and was then sunk near the Lawrence.

"The Ariel, Little Belt, Chippewa and Tripe were destroyed by the British at Buffalo. The Detroit was also sunk near the Lawrence, but in 1825 she was raised and rigged by a Captain Miles. She was afterward purchased by a Niagara man, and as a spectacle for a crowd of curious people was allowed to break herself to pieces on the rocks above the Falls. The Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, and the Hunter were used in the lake trade, and the Caledonia became the General Wayne. Both the Scorpion and the Tigress were recaptured by the British on Lake Huron."—From "The Great Lakes and the Vessels That Plow Them," by Oliver Curwood.

DOUBTS WAVE OF IMMORALITY

If We're Wicked and Frail Conditions Are Along Same Old Lines.

Boston Transcript.

We do not believe that a "wave of immortality" is sweeping over the country today. On the contrary, to us it appears that this is a time which if not regulated too much will be prolific of immense good to posterity.

Many of us are liable to be downcast in seeing manifestations of human frailty which, so far from being portents of coming woe, are reminders of the necessity of being on guard against tendencies that are very old. The man approaching old age is inclined to laud times past. He is disposed to shake his head over the present and its promises, but put to him frankly the question if the decencies of life are not more publicly respected in the cities of the United States than they were half a century ago, and if he answers in the negative go to the records of his youth.

Any municipal administration of today which should be as indifferent to the urban underworld as were city fathers of the early sixties, would be promptly brought to the bar of public opinion for "running the ctiy wide open"; and yet the city fathers of half a century ago were not bad men, as a class. They simply looked upon certain vices as ordained to flourish in cities and only interfered when these flourished outrageously.

A Question.

If we a dollar had to pay——
Ah, friend, this is no gentle jest!—
For ev'ry smile we wore each day,
In smiles, how many would invest?

THE MARKETS

Toledo, July 28.—Wheat opened steady to lower here today, following the big decline at Chicago at the start. Cables were 1-8d to 1-4d lower. There was a fair demand for the early months, but there was no wheat offered. Reports had it that farmers were holding on to their new wheat in view of the strong demand from foreign countries. Cash wheat opened steady with the close of Saturday, while July was off 1-4c. September was off 1-8c, while December was up a like amount.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 28.	Close July 26.
TOLEDO.					
Wheat—					
Cash	88½	88½	88	88¼	88½
July	88¼	88¼	88	88¼	88½
Sept. ...	88⅞	....	....	89	89
Dec.	92½	92½	....	92¼	92⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	66	65½
July	65¾	66	65¾	66	65½
Sept. ...	65¾	66¼	65¾	66¼	65⅞
Dec.	61⅞	64	61⅞	64	61⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42½	42½
July	42½	42⅝	42½	42½	42½
Sept. ...	42½	....	....	42¼	42½
Dec.	44⅜	44¾	44⅝	44⅜	44½
May	....	....	....	47	....
Clover Seed—					
Oct.	8.27½	....	....	8.35	8.30
Dec.	8.25	....	....	8.30	8.25
March ..	8.40	....	....	8.45	8.42½
Rye—					
No. 2....	....	....	....	63	63
Alsike—					
Oct.	10.10	....	....	10.25	10.00
Dec.	10.15	....	....	10.25	10.05
March ..	....	....	....	10.30	....
Timothy—					
Aug.	2.67½	....	....	2.67¼	2.67½
Sept. ...	2.55	....	....	2.52½	2.55
Oct.	2.50	....	....	2.52½	2.50
Dec.	2.55	....	....	2.55	2.55
March ..	2.60	....	....	2.60	2.60
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
July	85¼	85¼	84⅞	85⅝	85⅝
Sept. ...	86¼	86¼	85¾	86⅛	86⅝
Dec.	89⅝	89⅞	89⅝	89⅝	90½
Corn—					
July	62¼	63⅛	62¼	62⅞	62
Sept. ...	62⅞	63⅜	62⅝	61⅞	62⅞
Dec.	60	60½	59½	60⅛	59¾
Oats—					
July	89⅝	89¾	89⅝	39½	89⅝
Sept. ...	40¼	40⅜	40⅛	40¼	40⅜
Dec.	42¾	42¾	42⅛	42⅜	42½
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
July	....	....	....	22.15	22.05
Sept. ...	21.27	21.47	21.27	21.35	21.42
Lard—					
July	11.70	....	....	11.70	11.67
Sept. ...	11.80	11.85	11.77	11.77	11.77
Oct.	11.85	11.90	11.82	11.85	11.82
Ribs—					
July	11.70	....	....	11.70	11.70
Sept. ...	11.80	11.85	11.80	11.80	11.82
Oct.	11.55	11.60	11.55	11.57	11.57
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	97⅝	98
Sept. ...	....	....	....	94⅛	94½
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
July	83½	....	....	83½	83
Sept. ...	84½	....	....	84	84½
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	86¾
Sept. ...	....	....	....	....	87½
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	88
Sept. ...	88⅞	....	....	....	89¼

Cotton.

New York, July 28.—Cotton futures opened steady. July, 11.74c; August, 11.44c; September, 11.19c; October, 11.13c; November, 11.00c; December, 11.05c; January, 11.00c; February, 11.04c; March, 11.12c; May, 11.17c.

Considerable irregularity was shown at the opening of the cotton market this morning, July advancing three points, while later positions were unchanged to ten points net lower. Subsequently the new crops recovered their loss on complaints that Texas had not received enough rain over Sunday, and that nothing more than scattered showers were in sight. A renewal of southern selling and the fact that Liverpool was 3 to 4 points too low, coupled with moderate over-night local selling orders, explained the initial declines here outside of July, which was bid up by a few shorts.

The market continued steady late in the forenoon, with July and August up 8 to 9 points over Saturday on heavy covering and new crops 3 to 4 points net higher on local buying induced by fears that the drought in Texas was still unbroken over big producing sections. Estimated receipts today, 2,000 bales.

New York, July 28.—Cotton futures closed very steady. Closing bids: July, 11.79c; August, 11.57c; September, 11.26c; October, 11.18c; November, 11.13c; December, 11.16c; January, 11.09c; February, 11.10c; March, 11.17c; May, 11.21c.

Spot cotton quiet; middling upland, 11.95c; middling gulf, 12.21c. Sales, 4,400. In the early afternoon there was a return to lowest prices of the day, the market becoming quite weak under a growing belief that Texas may have had more rain than earlier private reports indicated. This idea was helped by more rains in Oklahoma than expected, and reports of rain at Houston.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, July 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 600; market 25c lower on good; 15c lower on others. Veal calves—Receipts, 300; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,400; market steady; choice spring lambs, $7.00@7.25. Hogs—Receipts, 2,500; market 5@10c lower; extreme heavies and mediums, $9.50; Yorkers, $9.75; light Yorkers and pigs, $9.85; roughs, $8.50; stags, $7.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,200; steady; heavy steers, $8.50@9.00; fat steers, $8.00@8.50; fair steers, $6.75@7.00; heifers, $8.00@8.50; fat cows, $7.00@8.00; fair cows, $4.00@5.00; butcher bulls, $7.00@8.00; milch cows, $65@85. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; active; prime heavies, $9.40@9.45; heavy mixed, $9.50@9.60; mediums, $9.80@9.90; heavy Yorkers, light Yorkers and pigs, $9.90@10.00; roughs, $7.25@8.40. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 11,000; higher; prime wethers, $5.60; choice lambs $7.00. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; steady; good to choice veals, $11.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 28.—Hogs—Receipts, 47,000; stronger; bulk of sales, $8.85@9.25; mixed, $8.60@9.50; light, $9.05@9.52½; heavy, $8.45@9.50; rough, $8.45@8.65; pigs, $7.40@9.20. Cattle—Receipts, 19,000; steady; beeves, $7.20@9.15; Texas steers, $6.85@7.90; stockers and feeders, $5.40@7.70; cows and heifers, $3.60@8.20; calves, $8.00@11.00. Sheep steady; receipts, 25,000; steady; lambs lower; native, $4.35@5.50; yearlings, $5.75@7.00; lambs, native, $5.75@8.00.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, July 28.—Cattle receipts 5,000 prime steers, $8.90@9.00; shipping, $8.25@8.75; butchers, $7.00@8.65; bulls, $5.50@7.25; stock heifers, $5.50@6.25; cows, $3.75@7.00; heifers, $6.50@8.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.50; fresh cows and springers, $5.00@8.50; veal, 1,000; $6.00@11.00. Hogs, 10,400; heavy, $9.75@9.80; mixed, $9.80@9.90; porkers, $9.85@9.90; pigs, $9.90@10.00; roughs, $8.50@8.65; stags, $7.50@8.25; dairies, $9.60@9.90. Sheep and lambs, 4,500; lambs, $5.50@8.30; yearlings, $4.00@6.75; wethers, $5.50@5.75; ewes, $2.50@5.00; mixed, $4.25@5.50.

New York Produce.

New York, July 28.—Flour quiet and unchanged; spring patents, $4.60@4.90; winter straights, new, $4.20@4.30; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.80@4.10; extra No. 2 winter, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.15@4.25. Wheat—Poor cables, favorable crop and weather news in general and continued big receipts caused an easier ruling in wheat this morning; September, 94 7-16@94½c. Pork firm; mess, $23.25@23.75; family, 24.00@26.50; short clears, 20.75@22.25. Beef steady; mess, 18.00@18.50; family, 20.00@22.00. Lard firm; middle west, 11.75@11.85. Raw sugar steady; muscovado, 3.07c; centrifugal, 3.57c molasses, 2.82c; refined steady; crushed, 5.30c; fine granulated, 4.60c; powdered, 4.70c. Petroleum steady; refined New York bulk, $5.00; barrels, $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Hay steady; standard, 90@95c; No. 1, $1.00@1.02½; No. 2, 85@90c; No. 3, 65@76c. Hides steady; Bogota, 29½@30½c; Central America, 29¾. Leather steady; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter steady; receipts 6,314 tubs; creamery extras, 26½@27c; firsts, 25@25½c; seconds, 23½@24½c; thirds, 23c; state dairy, finest, 25½@26c; good to prime, 24@25c; common to fair, 22@23½c; process extras, 24½@25c; firsts, 23½@24c; seconds, 22c; imitation creamery firsts, 24c; factory June make firsts, 23½c; factory, current make, firsts, 23c; seconds, 21@22c; packing stock, current make No. 1, 21½c; No. 2, 20½@21c; No. 3, 19@20c. Cheese irregular; receipts, 756; state whole milk, 14½@14?c! do white specials, 14¼c; white and colored, average fancy, 13¾@14c; state whole milk, fresh under grades, 11½@13½c¼ skims, 3@11c. Eggs irregula; eceipts 11,167 cases; fresh gathered extras, 24@26c; extra firsts, 21@23c; firsts, 19@20c; seconds, 16@18c; thirds and poorer, 10@15c; fresh gathered checks, good to choice dry, 12@13½c; under grades per case, $1.00@3.30; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, as to size and quality, 26@33c; do gathered whites, 23@31c; western good whites, 20@26c; state, Pensylvania and nearby hennery browns, 27@29c; do gathered browns and mixed colors, 20@26c; refrigerators specials marks, fancy charges paid, 23@24½; refrigerator firsts, 23@24c; seconds, 21@22c.

Dressed poultry, quiet; fresh killed western chickens, 20@23c; fowls, 16½@19½c; turkeys, 18@19c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, July 28.—Butter, unchanged. Eggs, receipts, 9,811 cases; market unchanged. Potatoes, higher at 70c@$1.00; receipts, 90 cars. Poultry—Alive, higher; fowls, 14½c; springs, 18c; turkeys, 19c.

Every day Oynannax, France, produces 15,000 to 18,000 pounds of celluloid combs.

ALL OF GERMANY IS FACING STRIKE

Extreme Socialists Urge Fight for Reform of Electoral Law.

Berlin, July 25.—Socialist Germany is agitated over the question whether or not to arrange for a general strike to force electoral reform.

The Socialist victories in the Reichstag and some in the Landtag have been ineffective, and now Rosa Luxemburg and other stalwarts are advocating a general strike. At the same time Dr. Heim, leader of the South German Peasants' Union, is advocating a general strike in Bavaria in order to break the Centre party and Clerical domination over Socialism.

The Vorwaerts Zeitung argues that much spade work is necessary to teach and organize the people so as to insure the success of a general strike, and therefore a movement of that kind would not be practical politics at the present time. Nevertheless it is understood that a general strike will be keenly debated at the forthcoming general congress of Prussian stalwarts.

Socialists Changed Tactics.

Other strict followers of Karl Marx are raising a question about the Socialists in the Reichstag voting the taxation and supply demands of the militarists. Until the recent triumph of the revisionists German Socialists did not dream of voting for any military bill. They always supported the opponents of any clause in such a bill and in this way enabled the Centrists to defeat the clauses of which they disapproved.

In the same way the Conservatives, by threatening to vote with the Socialists, could usually force the government to present money clauses in a way that suited them. This time the Conservatives disapproved of a clause in the bill in regard to inheritance duties on landed estates, but the Socialists voted it and the Conservatives failed to wreck the bill.

Defend Their Action.

The Socialist stalwarts declare that this is a desertion of principles. The Reichstag Socialists retort that the money would surely be collected in some way and that they voted for the project because it was the least burdensome on the poor.

It is believed there will be another fight in the coming congress between the revisionists and stalwarts, with victory for the former a foregone conclusion. This will mean another stage in the development of the Socialist party into a labor party.

BOOTH'S HUMOR SATIRICAL

The Actor Wore an Assassin's Bullet as a Watch Charm.

William Winter, in Collier's Weekly.

At times Booth's humor was satirical. When leaving a church in Boston after the funeral of the eminent essayist and critic, Edwin Percy Whipple—obsequies which he had attended in company with Lawrence Barrett, and, at that friend's suggestion, and during which he had been annoyed as well as amused by the convulsive facial contortions of the officiating clergyman—he remarked to Barrett:

"I knew Mr. Whipple, but I never expected I should be so sorry to attend his funeral."

When a stagestruck lunatic named Mark Gray attempted to murder him in Chicago at a performance of King Richard II (April 23, 1879, at McVicker's theatre), firing at him twice with a pistol from a place in the second balcony, Booth calmly advanced to the front of the stage and, pointing at the madman, directed that he be seized, and then, after a brief absence from the scene, to reassure his wife, composedly finished his performance. Later he caused one of the bullets to be extracted from a piece of scenery where it had lodged and had it mounted as a charm for his watch chain, inscribed: "To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray." That sinister relic he customarily wore.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

A Plea for Kitchen.

Leslie's.

The kitchen should be the refinery, the laboratory, the factory of the home, and the pivotal point about which the activities of the home revolve. Costs should be considered thoughtfully; no scrap of food should be wasted. It all can be and should be used again in various ways. By buying staple food supplies in large quantities from 15 to 30 per cent can be saved. Any one wishing to do so may economize in this way. Housewives must not look upon their art as mere drudgery; they should bring education, intelligence and concentration into practice. They should learn as manufacturers have that the best results are to be obtained in a workshop that is well lighted, properly ventilated and comfortably large, suitably furnished, and sanitary in all its equipments.

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Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A well known New Yorker of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily completely banished in three days with delightful benefit. The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. No more of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire. The author, Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth avenue, C-490, New York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him.—Adv.

UNDERWOOD SAYS MULHALL IS 'LIAR'

Never Saw Him Before in My Life, Says Democratic Leader.

Washington, D. C., July 29.—Majority Leader Oscar W. Underwood, of the house, today denounced Martin M. Mulhall, alleged lobbyist for the National Association of Manufacturers, as "a liar and a blackmailer." Mr. Underwood appeared before the senate lobby committee to deny that Mulhall had ever talked to him about legislation before congress.

After one look at the witness he said:

"I never saw him before in my life."

Mulhall told the committee that at one time he proposed an investigation of his activities as a lobbyist for the National Association of Manufacturers to former Chairman Wilson, of the labor committee; Speaker Clark and Republican Leader Mann and that all turned down his proposal.

Mulhall's letter about the alleged interview with Underwood in which Mulhall wrote that Underwood had told him that he could not do otherwise than appoint William B. Wilson, now secretary of labor, chairman of the house labor committee, because there was no other candidate before the ways and means committee, was read.

"That whole statement is a lie out of whole cloth—not a word of truth in it,' 'declared Mr. Underwood. "There never was a question of Wilson's selection as head of that committee, solely because of his capacity and qualifications. It is clear to me this man was down here writing these things to his people, trying to make out that he was doing great things. He never had any conference with me. The statement in his letter can be disproved by every member of the ways and means committee. I am sure I never met this man. He has a face I could not forget."

"There is nothing here that reflects on me," continued Mr. Underwood, "but I want it set right before the country.' '

Mulhall reiterated he had talked with Underwood briefly in the corridor and had written to his employers, "about conditions just as I found them in Washington at that time."

"I have no desire to contradict Mr. Underwood," he said, "but I am convinced that after he has heard my other witnesses and this examination has been ended he will take back part of what he has said."

"The statements you made in your letter were not true and can be proved not true by other members of the ways and means committee," retorted Mr. Underwood, "therefore it is self-evident I did not make them to you."

MULHALL SAYS HE HAD PRIVATE ROOM AT CAPITOL

Washington, July 29.—Martin M. Mulhall sat on the witness stand before the senate lobby committee yesterday. Senator Lodge, mentioned as one of many with whom the former "lobbyist" for the National Association of Manufacturers had held political conferences, declared he didn't know the witness and never had heard of him until the investigation began.

Senator Reed became interested in talk about a "secret room' which Mulhall said Representative J. T. McDermott, of Illinois, secured for his use on the lower floor on the west front of the capitol. He described it as quite a mysterious place and the committee will inspect it later.

Mulhall made arrangements to hire a stenographer who he intended to place in this room. He wrote to Bird about the room and the stenographer.

"The employment of a stenographer and locating her in that room," said Bird in reply, "would place me in a doubtful position and one that I cannot accept, feeling that the association can not afford to lay itself liable to the slightest suspicion."

Mulhall said he frequently made long distance telephone calls from the room and called up senators and members of the house.

GREAT SILK STRIKE OVER

But Not All Employes Who Quit Find Work.

Patterson, N. J., July 28.—The big silk strike is over, but not all the employes who left the mills 21 weeks ago were able to find work today. The manufacturers said they had all the hands they could use until they received orders pending the settlement of the labor troubles.

The central strike committee of the Industrial Workers of the World has been delegated to make official declaration of the end of the strike tomorrow.

It is estimated that the strike cost the employes $5,300,000 in lost wages. The manufacturers lost their spring and summer orders and 21 small plants went to the wall.

GOVERNOR'S WIFE IS ROBBED

Chicago, July 25.—Mrs. Edward P. Dunne, wife of Governor Dunne, was relieved here yesterday of jewelry worth $700. The theft was committed in the restroom of a down town department store where Mrs. Dunne had gone after becoming weary from a shopping expedition. A hand bag containing the valuables was taken from her lap as she sat asleep in a rocking chair.

As soon as the robbery was reported the exits of the store were guarded by detectives and a search made of the building for known thieves, but no arrests were made.

The articles of jewelry stolen were gifts to Governor Dunne and Mrs. Dunne and she prized them highly.

ENTERS BALL ROOM NAKED

Paris, July 28.—Even bohemian Paris was thrilled when Mike Miack, a young Arizona Indian, managed to penetrate, uninvited, to the Quatz-Arts ball stark naked, except for feathers in his hair, which hangs to the tips of his shoulders.

Wth a few simple steps of some savage Apache dog dance, accompanied by wild yelps and barks over his shoulder, the Indian spedily caught the students and grisettes who crowded around him and cheered wildly.

The Arizonian arrived in Paris some months ago and got stranded there, friendless, almost penniless and speaking no language but Spanish.

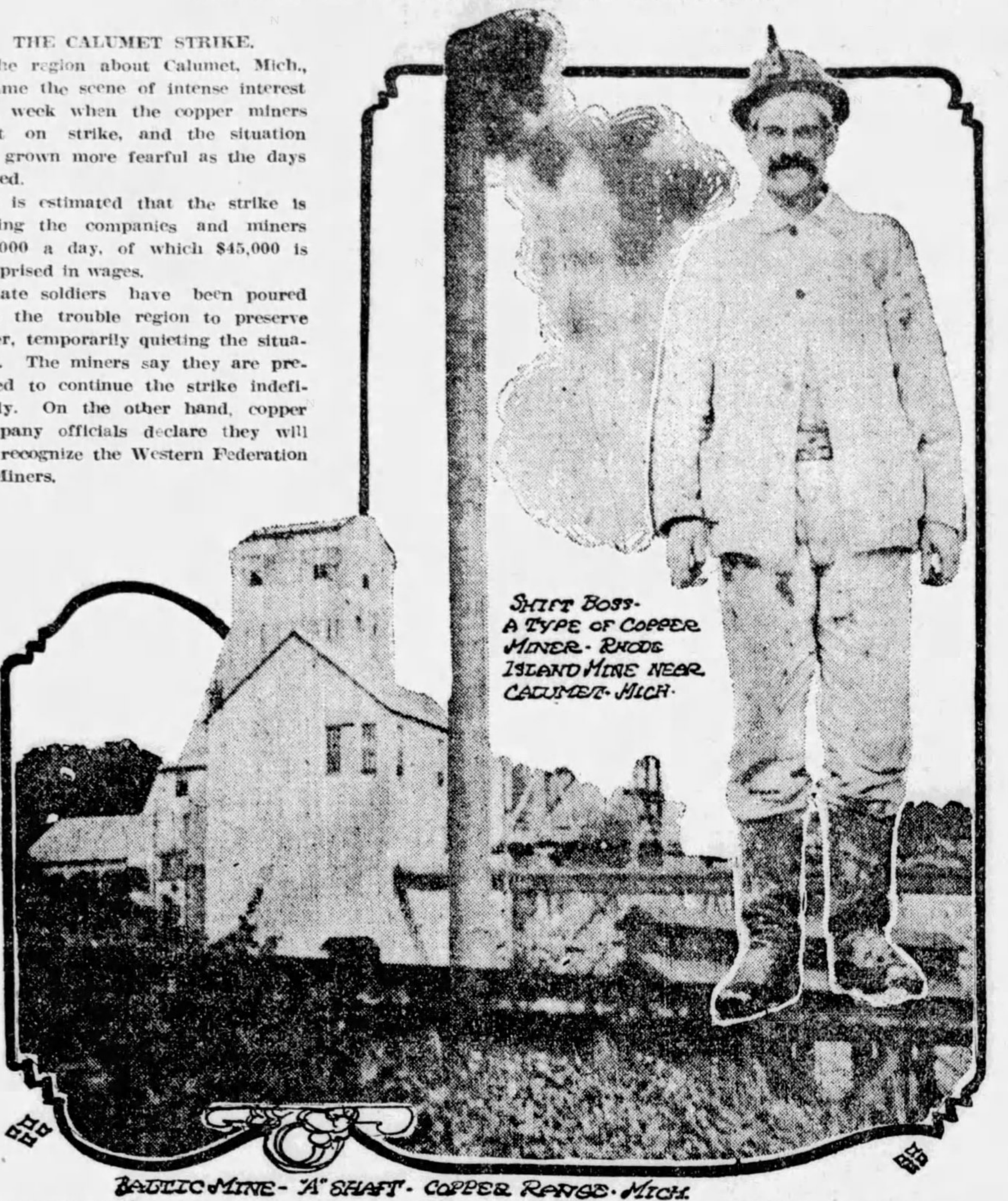
In the Trouble Zone of Calumet

THE CALUMET STRIKE.

The region about Calumet, Mich., became the scene of intense interest last week when the copper miners went on strike, and the situation has grown more fearful as the days passed.

It is estimated that the strike is costing the companies and miners $85,000 a day, of which $45,000 is comprised in wages.

State soldiers have been poured into the trouble region to preserve order, temporarily quieting the situation. The miners say they are prepared to continue the strike indefinitely. On the other hand, copper company officials declare they will not recognize the Western Federation of Miners.


SHIFT BOSS- A TYPE OF COPPER MINER- EAGLE ISLAND MINE NEAR CALUMET- MICH.

BALTIC MINE - "A" SHAFT - COPPER RANGE - MICH.

Calumet a Region, Not a Town

"The copper country" is located in the counties of Houghton, Keweenaw and Ontonagon, the two former forming the Keweenaw peninsula, which juts into Lake Superior for a distance of 30 miles from the main land of the upper peninsula of Michigan.

The Keweenaw peninsula is bisected by the Portage river and canal, which form a short cut for boats bound for Duluth, although the passenger and package freight steamers are about the only ones using it, the big ore carriers preferring the open water around Keweenaw Point.

The cities of Hancock and Houghton lie on oposite sides of the Portage river. They are connected by a double-deck bridge, which carries the railroad tracks, the street car tracks and the passageways for vehicles and foot passengers.

Streets Up Hills.

The ground rises back from both sides of the river very sharply and both towns cling to their respective hillsides, some of the side streets running up at an angle of 40 degrees.

The region commonly called Calumet, although there is no town of Calumet, lies 12 miles north of Hancock. There are two towns, Laurium and Red Jacket and Calumet township, in which is located the Calumet & Hecla mine. This mine lies between the villages. Common usage has designated the entire location as Calumet. Laurium is largely given up to residences, while Red Jacket has the principal business section.

The country is hilly and rocky and further up the peninsula the Keweenaw mountains, which afford some of the most beautiful scenry in Michigan, stretch along the peninsula. In the valleys is much excellent farming land.

Progressive Towns.

The towns of Houghton, Hancock, Red Jacket and Laurium are live, progressive towns. The buildings are substantial, the streets are excellently paved and lighted and the schools of the county are worthy of cities much larger. The manual training school maintained by the Calumet & Hecla is famous throughout the country.

By far the greater part of the taxes is paid by the mining companies, which own virtually all of the land, and the companies have never stinted in public improvements.

The miners are of many nationalities and in Laurium 68 languages are spoken. When the region was opened up to mining in the '60c and '70s and in the boom times of the '80s the first miners were Cornishmen, Welshmen, with a sprinkling of Irish and Scotch and later a few French.

But during recent years the character of the mining population has changed completely and the region is now filled with Finns, Italians, Swedes, Lithuanians, Poles and Slavs fro mthe various nations of southeastern Europe.

Miners Are Scattered.

Very few miners own their homes. Constant exploration for copper is going on and when it is discovered in sufficient quantity to warrant working, a shaft is sunk and around the surface mine buildings springs up a town. It may not pan out and then the location is abandoned, sometimes permanently and sometimes until the copper market is improved. The whole region is dotted with these abandoned locations.

These same scattered locations are what is giving the authorities so much trouble in the strike. The men are scattered over such a big district that it is impossible to handle them.

Beside the principal centers in Houghton county the mining in Keweenaw county is principally at Hohwak and in Ontonagon county in the vicinity of Rockland and Ootonagon.

FIRST SHOTS ARE FIRED IN STRIKE

Sentry Guarding Calumet Powder House Shoots When Disobeyed.

Calumet, Mich., July 28.—Mine operators of the Superior Copper District prepared today to follow the advice of the state militia commanders and resume operations with every available man of the 15,000 miners who have been idle since July 23 as a result of the Western Federation of Miners strike. Because of the fact that fires had been banked for days in most of the plants the work progressed slowly and up to noon it was impossible to learn definitely what degree of success attained the movement.

The first shots of the strike were fired early today at the Isle Royale mine. A sentry guarding a powder house detected several men approaching the place and fired when they failed to heed his command to halt. The intruders fled, and a company of guardsmen scoured the district for half a mile in all directions, but without making any arrests.

Out on the south range the first task of the operators was to replace on the cables the heavy scroops which had been dropped down the shafts last Friday at the command of strikers.

GAS WELL KILLS SEVEN

Tulsa, Okla., July 25.—Seven men were killed and several others were probably fatally injured late yesterday when a gas well exploded and caught fire at Lost City, about five miles west of Tulsa.

The explosion was caused by a cigarette stub dropped by a bystander, according to Stephen Snyder, son of a farmer living near the well, who was assisting the drillers and was first of the injured brought to Tulsa. Snyder was frightfully burned and is not expected to recover.

HOWARD ELLIOTT HEADS NEW HAVEN

Northern Pacific President Selected to Succeed C. E. Mellen.

New York, July 26.—The directors of the New York, New Haven & Hartford met yesterday and elected Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific railroad, to succeed Charles S. Mellen as head of the New Haven road. Mr. Elliott will take office September 1. Mr. Mellen's resignation goes into effect at the same time.

Stock of the New Haven road rose briskly on the stock exchange. At 1 o'clock yesterday it was selling at 104. Later it went down again to 102¾.

Only a president was to be selected. It was explained before the meeting that the proposed plan to have a chairman of the board in supreme control of the road could not be put into effect at this meeting because such a change would involve a change in the company's by-laws. This can be brought about only by a vote of the stockholders. The matter will probably come up at the annual meeting in October.

Mellen's Defense Up.

While the radical change in management could not actually be put into efefct at the meeting, it was proposed to lay the plan before the board for its aprpoval. The reply of Mr. Mellen to the criticism of the New Haven's management, made by Charles A. Prouty, interstate commerce commissioner, was also up for consideration.

The special committee of directors appointed to select a successor to Melleen consisted of the following: Theodore N. Vail chairman; J. P. Morgan, Samuel Rea, William Skinner, Edward Milligan and Robert W. Taft. It is understood that these names figured prominently in the deliberations of the committee:

Elliott, Vail, Daniel Willard, president of th Baltimore & Ohio, and Timothy E. Byrnes and eBnjamin Campbell, both vice presidents of the New Haven.

Howard Elliott has been in active railroad work for more than 30 years. He spent two-thirds of that time with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, having entered the service of that road shortly after being graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University.

Morgan's Personal Choice.

When Melleen was called from the presidency of the Northern Pacific to be head of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, Mr. Elliott was selected to fill his place, and it was understood at the time that he was the personal choice of the late J. P. Morgan, the Burlington being one of the three roads of the Northern Securities Co.

Besides being president of the Northern Pacific, Mr. Elliott is president of many corporations connected with the development of the Northwest and controlled by his company. Both in St. Louis, where he lived for years asd in St. Paul, where he now makes his home, he has taken a prominent part in social and business life.

TEN WOMEN GET PENSIONS

Seattle, Wash, July 26.—Ten women were granted pensions yesterday by Superior Judge Frater when he heard the first batch of cases under the mother's pension law enacted by the legislature last winter. Fifteen cases were heard, three being denied and two referred for further investigation. The largest pension granted was for $37.50 a month to a destitute widow with seven children.

The amounts granted in the other cases ranged from $15 a month to $30 a month according to the circumstances of the petitioners. The investigator of the pension department reported to the court that 300 applications for mothers' pensions have been filed, of which 150 were found to come within the provisions of the law.

SULZER AIDS WOMEN'S CAUSE

New York, July 29.—The men's league for women's suffrage has received Governor Sulzer's indorsement to a petition which it is circulating to present to the United States senate urging a suffrage amendment to the constitution.

MAN WHO RAISED NIAGARA TELLS JUST HOW IT WAS DONE

Capt. William L. Morrison of the Wolverine, Is Responsible for Restoration of Perry's Flagship and Tells How It Came About.

Of the thousands who climbed aboard the Niagara during the first two days of the Perry centennial celebration in Toledo few knew that only a few feet away could be found the man whose efforts gave to the people of 1913 the hero ship of 1813, Perry's Niagara. And yet Captain William D. Morrison, commanding the Pennsylvania training ship Wolverine, is the real hero of the celebration.

He is an unassuming sort of fellow, is Captain Morrison. He was found Monday afternoon in his quarters, main deck aft. In white duck uniform and house slippers of straw he was not the sort of person one would single out as commanding officer of the first iron vessel of the American navy. A look at his face showed sparkling gray eyes beneath rather shaggy eyebrows. Those eyes are the face of Captain Morrison, not that he does not have a mouth and strong chin and a nose pretty much the same as other Americans. But those gray eyes have in them the power to arrest and hold attention. They are seeing, determined eyes.

He Had a Dream.

It was over two years ago that Captain Morrison first entertained the idea that perhaps the old Niagara might be raised from the bottom of Misery Bay, Erie, Pa., in roder to participate in the centennial celebration of the victory she helped win off Put-in Bay, Sept. 10, 1813. Little enthusiasm was aroused over the project when Morrison first broached it. "Young man, you're a dreamer," he was told by his friends. Then Morrison's eyes snapped as he said he might be a dreamer, but that sometimes dreams come true. Morrison got after the Pennsylvania commission on the Perry centennial. He had a diver examine the hull of the old vessel. The report was that the Niagara possibly could be raised.

That was the start of the plan. Morrison sent to Toledo for A. Q. Thacher, diver, who made a further examination of the hull. That settled the matter so far as Morrison was concerned. In order that the Pennsylvania committee might be left without excuse, Morrison started to work in preparation for the raising and rebuilding of the Niagara. He got down in his pocket to meet the first month's payroll. Then the Pennsylvania commission "came across.'

The story of the restoration of the Niagara largely is in technical terms which only vessel builders could understand. Captain Morrision, though, volunteered that there were no plans on file of the Niagara as she appeared when she engaged the British under Barclay after the Lawrence had been riddled from stem to stern. Her general dimensions were given, but of drawings there were none. Not until years afterwards did the United States naval engineers and the best shipbuilders in the country know how to draw the plans for their vessels.

Not So Difficult.

"It was a comparatively easy matter to restore the vessel, though," said Captain Morrison Monday afternoon. "First we had the hull and a number ber of her ribs. Some of the ribs were longer than others, and by following the formation of those broken off we were able to finish the job. All the ship carpenter needs is to get started right, and in this case enough was left to insure that.

"As to the rigging I spent considerable time in research at Washington and Annapolis, gathering a little information here and a little there until I believed the Niagara restored is as near like the Niagara as she was as Commodore Perry himself could direct her restoration if he were living."

After the treaty of Ghent, which settled the War of 1812, what is known as the Rush-Baggot treaty was signed.

That treaty restricted the representation on the lakes of both England and America to one vessel of 100 tons and one 18-pound gun. It became necessary for the United States in conformity with the treaty to dismantle her fleet, those vessels of Perry's squadron which remained sea-worthy at that time. Some of them were sold to enter the merchant trade, but the Niagara escaped burial for several years, as she was used as a receiving ship.

The Lawrence and two of Perry's captives, the Detroit and Queen Charlotte, were sunk by order of the navy department in Misery Bay in July, 1815. The Niagara continued in commission until she too, in 1825, was "put on ice" in Misery Bay, where the navy officials thought she would be preserved for use in another war with England or with Canada, when she could be raised.

Her Guns Are Lost.

The Niagara was dismantled some years before that. Where her guns are now or what became of them no one knows. The records of the navy do not show any record of them after they were used to announce the opening of the Erie canal. At that time they were posted five miles apart, and when the water was turned into the canal the word was passed along the line by the firing of the Niagara's cannon.

Captain Morrison set to work early last year in making the designs from records of the guns used aboard the Niagara in the battle. "Every one of those carronades," said Captain Morrison, "is a dummy. They have holes at both ends so as not to give offense to England. The two 12-pounder long guns could be used, though."

Some people wonder what became of the Lawrence after she was sunk in 1815. She also was raised and restored to participate in a centennial, the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, in Philadelphia in 1876. The old ship, Perry's first flagship, was taken to the Quaker City, where she was housed temporarily. Before the centennial celebration concluded the building in which she was on exhibition outside the exhibition grounds was destroyed by fire and with it all that remained of the Lawrence.

"There is one favor I would ask of Toledo people and those who visit the city this week to see the Niagara," said Captain Morrison, Monday. "I wish the sightseerers would be as considerate of my force as possible. I have a short crew as it is, and my men must have some rest. Now, if the people will be so kind as to remember my men must eat and rest, I think thy will not try to force us to admit them during the noon hour. Our Pennsylvania boys are ready and willing to keep the Niagara open for inspection from 9:30 to 11:30 a. m. and from 1 to 5 p. m., but after that I must ask the indulgence of visitors."

ON TRIAL FOR KILLING

Factory Boss Accused of Slaying Girl.

Atlanta, Ga., July 28.—Prosecution and defense were ready today for the trial of Leo M. Frank, charged with the murder of 14-year old Mary Phagan. The girl's body was found Sunday morning, April 27, in the basement of the National Pencil Co.'s plant, where she was employed.

Frank, who was superintendent of the factory, was indicted on a charge of murder May 24.

The most damaging testimony against him probably will be the statement of Jas. Conley, a negro sweeper at the factory, that he helped Frank dispose of the body. Frank expects to prove an alibi.

DRY LEADER IN JAIL AS DRUNK

M. M. Riley, One-Time Prohibition Candidate for Milwaukee Mayor.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 25.—M. M. Riley, the leading spirit of the Prohibition party in Wisconsin for many years, and a candidate for mayor on that ticket, was today sentenced to 60 days in the house of correction on a charge of being a common drunkard. Riley once was a prominent and wealthy attorney here.

FIND THE SPEED OF WIRELESS

Average Rate Between Paris and Washington 20,622 Miles a Second.

Paris, July 22.—At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences yesterday afteroonn the statement was made that the average speed of wireless messages between Paris and Washington is 20,622 miles a second.

Suffragists Get Goats to "Get the Goat" of the Antis and Say It's Great Scheme

GOATS WORK FOR "VOTES FOR WOMEN.

New York, July 29.—A unique scheme to attract notice to woman suffrage has been adopted by the Bronx Suffrage League, of which Mrs. George B. Holbert is the president. A team of goats driven by a little girl who wears a "Votes for Women" ribbon has become a feature of their processions. The goats are attached to a cart from which the driver and other children peddle suffrage propaganda, wave flags and give out suffrage buttons.

The little girl in the picture is Marjorie Black, 11 years old. Mrs. Holbert marched behind the goat wagon with half a hundred of her lieutenants when the novel parade made its first appearance. Speeches are made from the goat wagon. The Bronx suf-fragettes are delighted with the scheme of focusing attention upon their demonstrations. The obvious moral to be drawn from the appearance of goats in a procession of advocates of equal rights is that the goats symbolize the voteless woman—that she is the "goat." And the Bronx vote seekers say that the idea is the best thing yet to "get the goat" of thoughtless mankind.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

HELP WANTED.

U. S. Government Positions open to men and women. Commence $65 to $100 month. Thousands of appointments. List of positions available, free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R-31, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50--$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

AGENTS wanted to sell the original native herbs; $1 box of 250 tablets for 60c; for constipation, rheumatism. For sample and terms address P. Melrose, Columbus, O.

Men and Women Wanted at once. If you need the money I can show you how to make it. All I ask is that you call at every home, store and office in your community and accept money for WONDER CLOTH. A big part of this money you keep. Sample free if you write today. G. M. McKelvey, Clearfield, Penna.

Agents. Send for our Great Premium Offer. $8 per day easily made. Make much money. Write for free sample. Sigel Manufacturing Co., K-15, Brookville, Pa.

Files don't like it! Mosquitos hate it! Bad smells eliminated by it! Contagious diseases prevented by The Famous Formacone Air Purifier! Local agents wanted. Sample outfit including the 50c household size Formacone and 25c bottle Formacone Liquid sent responsible agents for 50 cents. Money returned if not as represented.
THE FORMACONE COMPANY, Suit 104, Mennen Building, Newark, New Jersey.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 10 Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Parti lars for stamped addressed envelope. Eur Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Make big money at home stitching hand chiefs, spare time or steady. Work anywh Send 4c postage for sample and prices. Ara Supply Co., Cleveland, O.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

Florida Farms (near Tampa) at a fr tion usual cost on the co-operative homes plan. J. B. Mueller, Crystal Springs, Florid

Missouri Farms—Leading County in state. failures. Bumper crops. Clover, wheat, Corn 65 to 100 bushels; wheat, 25 to 50. and up. Any size. Gilliam Realty Compa Gilliam, Missouri.

Improved North Dakota Farm, 320 acres. farm; good neighborhood; station two mi mail route, phone. John Mullen, Granville, Dakota. Rt. 1.

FARMS AND LANDS.

"If you want a home in the Ozarks, write Home Land Co., Springfield, Mo.

PERSONAL.

Ladies—Improve and beautify your wonder crown of hair. Try SPIER'S HAIR MAG which grows hair on bald heads, cleans scalp, feeds the hair-roots. Trial bottle by 25c. A. Spier, Dept. 10, Boulder, Colo.

IMBECILE FAKES TITANIC STORY

Makes Good as a Claimant Until the Real Survivor Appears.

New York., July 24.—A story of a "mystery within a mystery," involving a double coincidence, has come to light through the investigations which were made into the Titanic survivors' claims by the Red Cross emergency relief committe of the Charity Organization society. The business of the committee, which was headed by Robt. W. De Forest and had J. P. Morgan, Jr., J. H. Schiffe and many prominent New Yorkers on it, was to distribute the fund of $157,000 among the needy American survivors of the iceberg-sunk steamship, or to the deserving American relatives of those who were lost.

One of the survivors of the Titanic was an Irish boy, Daniel Buckley. He got away in the boat in which Mrs. Astor was a passenger. The crew was of a mind to pitch him overboard, but Mrs. Astor saved him by throwing a cloak over him that made him look like a girl. Young Buckley now lives with relatives in the Bronx.

One of the early applicants to the De Forest committee for relief was a lad who said that he was Daniel Buckley. He was well dressed and he had a mourning band on his arm, a rosette of crepe on his hat and a large black ribbon hung from a buttonhole.

Tells Complete Story.

Yes, he said, he was Daniel Buckley; his home was at No. 19 High street, Chester, England; his father had been dead a long time, and when his mother died late in 1911 he decided, having no other relatives in England, that he and his sister Catherine would come to America. They sailed on the Titanic, and he was saved while his sister was lost.

The claimant described minutely his sister Catherine and her clothing. She wore a thin gold chain around her neck with a gold sovereign, with the initials A. C. B. on it, hanging therefrom. The initials stood for Alice Catharine Buckley.

Inasmuch as the boy's story was apparently corroborated by the Titanic's passenger list, which showed the names of Daniel and Catherine Buckley, and by the Carpathia's list of survivors, which showed Daniel saved, but not Catherine, the Charity Organization investigators accepted him as O. K. He said he was 19, but he talked and acted like a boy of 14.

Enter the Real Daniel.

Scarcely had the committee turned him over to the personal care of the manager of one of the Mills hotels when the real Daniel Buckley turned up, with his Titanic ticket and other documents. He, too, had a sister Catharine, but she was not on the Titanic. On the contrary, she had been in New York for several years and was alive and well.

The two Daniel Buckleys were brought face to face and the first one still insisted that he was a Titanic survivor. He was turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where a doctor examined him and reported that the boy was a "high-grade imbecile." Meantime the committee had cabled to Chester, in England, only to learn that no one from Chester had sailed on the Titanic, and that there was no such number there as 19 High street.

But there were other puzzles. If the first Buckley lad was a "high-grade imbecile," how had he succeeded in describing so accurately as his sister the body of a Catharine Buckley, a Titanic victim, which had been brought into Halifax by the Mackay-Bennett?

Two Catharine Buckleys.

At Boston was found a sister of Catharine Buckley, who claimed and buried the body. She said that neither of the Daniel Buckleys in New York, whom the committee had been dealing with, could be her brother, because her brother—and she, too, had a brother Daniel—was alive, of sound mind, in Ireland, and never had been on the Titanic.

The body of Catharine Buckley had not long been buried at Boston when a government official in Ireland wrote asking that her grave be marked with a stone. He stated that she had secretly become the wife of a British army corporal stationed in Ireland, and that she had sailed for the United States.

This letter from the Irish government official was soon followed by a letter frm a British army corporal stationed at Hongkong, China. It was addressed to Catharine Buckley, and it appeared to prove that she was not t Catharine Buckley whom the corpo in Ireland had married.

To add to the mystery facts w discovered which proved to the sat faction of the De Forest committ that the Irish corporal's bride w not a passenger on the Titanic a that the Catharine Buckley buried Boston was the Hongkong corpor affianced.

Death Adds to Mystery.

A long time was required to reve the identity of the first Daniel Buc ley, the "high-grade imbecile." Tak before Immigration Commissioner W liams at Ellis island and threaten with deportation he started a n string of stories. In one of them gave his real name, the names of h parents and his birthplace. He fibb as to his parents' present place residence. He was then put by t commissioners of charities in the h pital for feeble-minded children Randall's island.

An appeal to the Massachusetts S. C. C., and a search of police and co records in many cities showed that 1910 a boy named Daniel Buckley h been committed to a juvenile refo atory in Massachusetts. From t clew this Daniel Buckley was iden fied, first by the records and then p sonally by an officer of the refor atory.

Meantime he had fallen sick of pne monia on Randall's island. On his r covery he drifted into consumpti He was taken to his parents' home a he died there last September.

To this day nobody has been a to find out where that Daniel Buckl spent the 14 months between his e cape from the Massachusetts instit tion and his appearance in New Yo as a Titanic claimant. Was he on t Titanic? How did he get the idea th he was a survivor?

NOTED THEOSOPHIST DEAD

New York, July 25.—Alexande Fullerton, 70 years old, died Monda night at Sanford Hall, Flushing, o complication of diseases. Mr. Fulle ton was one of the best known th osophists in the United States and f many years was general secretary the American section of the the sophical society, of which Mrs. Ann Besant is president.

Educated for the Episcopal mini try. Mr. Fullerton, who was born Philadelphia early in life became terested in theosophical research a gave up all his time to its study. H was a man of independent means a never entered business, devoting h time to study and to travel.

POWDER BLAST KILLS SEVE

Montreal, July 24.—Seven men we blown to pieces today by the explosi of a ton of gun powder at the plant the Canadian Explosive Company Beloiel.

Pieces of the brick and wood fell mile away. The cause of the explosi is unknown.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

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